

THE MONTH

MAY, 1868.



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Higher Education on the Continent.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, is too well known as a leader in the republic of letters to need any introduction to our readers. It is not only as a poet and a critic that he is known to fame, but also as an eminent writer on the wide subject of education. Commissioned, in 1857, to examine and report on the state of popular education on the Continent, he published a book on the subject after his return. His services were, in 1865, put in use a second time, by the Schools Inquiry Commission, to report upon the higher education in vogue among the Continental nations : and he has just sent out a book containing the observations he made on this tour of inquiry, and the conclusions to which he has been led by what he saw. This work has appeared coincidentally with the Royal Commissioners' own report ;* and there can be no doubt that some of the Commissioners' recommendations were suggested by what Mr. Arnold reported to them of the systems he saw at work in the higher schools of the continent, especially in Prussia.

The anomalies of our higher education in England, stand out in vivid and even painful contrast with the regular organisation, and generally successful training, found in Continental schools of the higher class. Almost everything we do in England partakes of the piecemeal

* *Schools and Universities on the Continent.* By Matthew Arnold, M.A. London : Macmillans, 1868. This book appears in fact to be Mr. Arnold's report to the Commissioners, printed by them among the reports of their Assistant-Commissioners, but published also separately by the author with a special preface. There is a something of parade in this, which is perhaps not wholly out of keeping with the author's antecedents. But the book is worth reading, and it is certainly far more pleasant reading in its separate form, than in the terribly tiring columns of a folio blue-book.

accidental character that is stamped so unmistakeably on our Constitution itself. We go on in the old ways until some glaring deficiency makes itself felt more than is usual; then a slap-dash reform is inaugurated in one particular direction—often without much prevision of the effect likely to be produced in other directions, to which our attention has not been so forcibly called. So it is in that great “leap in the dark,” which we took last year, and from which we have not yet landed. So it seems likely to be in the education question, whether we speak of primary or secondary education. No one can deny that our educational system (if such a term can be used without a misnomer) is, at present, a sort of modified chaos. But it is certainly to be feared that any immediate legislation may tend rather to increase the confusion than to lessen it. Immediate legislation must necessarily be partial. Men's minds are not yet prepared for any such sweeping and thorough changes as Mr. Arnold indicates. The subject needs a much longer discussion than it has yet had, in order to be dealt with successfully in the way of reform. There are, of course, many who sincerely think that the old traditional way of patching and mending, a little bit here and a little bit there, as the need makes itself felt, but on no general plan, is the divinely appointed means of making progress in this work-a-day world. A good deal can, of course, be said on this side of the question; but habit and prejudice will always find a good deal to say for themselves, though reason may really be against them. Surely the reason of the matter seems to be, that a general plan should be first laid down, and then, either that this plan should be carried out at once, in its entirety, by a sweeping revolution, or that it should be realised by instalments—each step or partial change being introduced with a clear and distinct view to the development of the pre-arranged plan. But if this course is to be taken, how much care and consideration is demanded in the settlement of the plan—how many opinions should be taken—how much public discussion invited, before our legislators decide a question of such moment, not only for the present age, but for posterity also!

The first point to be gained is to know our deficiencies ; and there can be no better introduction to such a knowledge than the comparison of foreign systems, and their results, with our own. Mr. Arnold, in his recent work, has furnished us with the means of making this comparison ; and it is not too much to say that no one can read his account of Continental schools without being shaken in the confidence which he may hitherto have reposed in our higher English education. We will endeavour to give a brief account of the secondary, or higher, education in Prussia, which Mr. Arnold thinks the best on the Continent, and the best suited for English imitation.

The Prussian Gymnasium (*i.e.*, high school with full course) has six classes, the lowest being called the sixth, and the highest the first. These classes are grouped in couples, each couple forming a division. One year is spent in each of the three lower classes, and two years in each of the three higher. The full Gymnasium course therefore occupies nine years, supposing a boy to pass up at the regular intervals ; but, as the exit from each class is guarded by a pretty strict examination, this is not always the case. It is a common practice for a large school of the kind just described to have a preparatory school of two classes connected with it, in which younger boys are prepared to pass the entrance examination exacted by all the higher schools. This examination is in reading, writing, arithmetic, Scripture history, and the elements of German grammar. Boys generally enter the higher school at the age of ten.

The course of study at the public schools is fixed in its main features by State authority ; and of course, so far as it is thus fixed, it is the same for all. This obligatory programme does not descend to such irksome minutiae as in France. It fixes the general subjects of instruction, and the number of the school hours to be allotted to each per week in the several classes. Within these limits considerable freedom is still left to the teacher, and considerable variety is to be found in practice. If, however, a master wishes to introduce a new school-book, the sanction of the Education Minister is required,

who acts in such cases by the advice of his council. The proportion of school-time allotted to each subject is as follows. Ten hours a week are given to Latin in all the classes but the highest ; in this the time is reduced to eight hours. Greek begins in the fourth class (*i.e.*, in the third year), and has six hours a week from that time forward. The total number of school-hours per week is thirty : it will be seen therefore that the Classical languages monopolize the lion's share. Arithmetic and mathematics have three hours a week in the four lower classes, four in the two highest. French is begun in the second year : it has three hours weekly in its first year, and two in all the following years. This is the only modern language taught in the ordinary course, except the vernacular. Some of the schools allow English or Italian, but as extra matters. The mother-tongue has two hours a week given to it in all the classes below the highest, in which it has three. The Natural Sciences are allotted two hours weekly in the highest class, and one in the next below : in the other classes they are to a great extent left to the discretion of the school authorities. Drawing is one of the ordinary school matters, and is taught to all in the three lower classes for two hours in the week. Writing is a lesson during the two first years of the school-course, and has three hours weekly. Religious instruction takes three hours in the two lowest classes, and two in all the others. There are lessons in singing and gymnastics for all ; but they are not given during the regular school-hours. The same must be said for Hebrew, which is learnt in the two highest classes by those boys who are destined to study theology later on.

Besides the gymnasiums, or classical schools with the full course, there are many which want one or more of the higher classes, but which follow exactly the same plan of instruction and allotment of time in the classes which they have as the full-course schools. A considerable number of these progymnasiums, as they are called, may be looked upon as in a state of development : for scarcely a year passes without several schools of this inchoate character adding one or more classes to their course,

and thus gradually growing into full gymnasiums. Of these classical schools, gymnasiums and progymnasiums, there were four years ago in Prussia 172; and in these, 45,400 boys were receiving their education. Mr. Arnold contrasts with this the number of boys receiving what is called a classical education in England. If we take, besides the nine great public schools, the higher proprietary and grammar schools throughout the country, we find something like 15,800 boys being educated in them; little more than a third of the Prussian number, though our population exceeds that of Prussia (as it was before the late war) by some two million. And even from this third, large deductions would have to be made, since many of the schools we call grammar-schools fall far short of the classical standard of the Prussian gymnasium.

What then becomes of the rest of our English boys of a grade corresponding to that of the Prussian public-school boys? The answer is, they go to private schools:—private schools, in the majority of which the education is below criticism. It is this startling fact that causes Mr. Arnold to assert, and to repeat the assertion more than once, that whereas the middle classes of Prussia are brought up *on the first plane* (i.e., get a first-rate education), the great majority of our English middle classes are brought up *on the second plane* (which we suppose means that they get but a very second-rate education). But, it may be asked, are there no private schools in Prussia? As far as we can make out, there are comparatively few which give a complete higher course. Yet, "private persons," Mr. Arnold tells us, "are free to open establishments of their own, give them a constitution of their own, and follow a plan of instruction of their own": but, it must be added, "no school in Prussia can be independent, in the sense of owing no account to any one for the *teacher* it employs." The authorities are far more solicitous to ensure proper qualifications in a teacher, than to dictate to him in the details of his teaching. A certificate of having passed the due period of school instruction *under qualified teachers* is required of every boy before his admission to what we should probably call the Matriculation

Examination,—an examination, the passing of which is necessary not only for admission to the Universities and learned professions, but also to nearly all positions of trust in the country. Ability to pass the examination itself is not sufficient: this may be the result of a year's *cram*, as we know in England to our sorrow. What this certificate is meant to secure is, that the boy shall have been a proper number of years under good intellectual training, and that the power and knowledge shown in his examination shall be the mature result of this training, and not the mushroom knowledge of the cramming school, lost in a shorter time than that in which it was gained. Mr. Arnold is never tired of impressing this on his readers: and it is a sad truth that we have this great lesson still to learn in England, that the examination test *alone* is but of little value as a proof of the real acquirements and intellectual worth of a candidate.

Our author was allowed to be present during school lessons in several of the principal gymnasiums of the capital. The account he gives is so interesting to those who retain any love for the studies of their youth, that we make no apology for a pretty long quotation.

The first lesson I heard was Dr. Ranke's* own lesson to *prima* [the first class] on the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles. He spoke Latin to his class, and his class spoke Latin in answer; this is still a common practice in German schools, though not so common as formerly. The German boys have certainly acquired, through this practice, a surprising command of Latin: Dr. Schöper's lesson, at Bonn, to his *prima*, in extemporaneous translation into Latin—a lesson which has a deserved celebrity—I heard with astonishment: a much wider command of the Latin vocabulary than our boys have, and a more ready management of the language, the Germans certainly succeed in acquiring. On the other hand, the best style of the best authors, is not, to my mind, so well caught in Latin composition by their boys as by ours. This is more particularly the case in verse, where their best scholars often show, I cannot but think, not only a want of practical skill, but a want of tact for what is uncouth and inadmissible, which one would not have expected of people who know the Latin models so well. But the feeling which was strongest

* This is a brother of the historian's. He has been director of the *Friedrich-Wilhelms Gymnasium* for more than a quarter of a century.

with me in the Berlin *Philoctetes* lesson, was the feeling that one seemed to be back in the sixth form at Rugby again, as I remember it nearly thirty years ago. After the lecture rooms at Oxford, the French *lycées*, and the Italian *licei*, here was at last a body of pupils once more, who had worked at their lessons, who had learnt Greek, and were at home in a Greek play. What the Berlin boys knew about the scope of the play, its chief personages, and the governing idea and character of each, was more than the Rugby boys would have known; but the quantity of lines done, the style of doing them, and the extent of scholarship expected in the boys, and found in them, seemed to me as nearly as possible the same thing at Berlin and at Rugby. I thought the same in the afternoon, when I heard Professor Zumpt (a son of the famous Latin scholar) take the boys in Cicero's speech, *Pro Sex. Roscio Amerino*. The boys had been through the oration in the early part of the half-year: they were now going very rapidly through it again, translating into fluent German, without taking the Latin words. The master let the boys be the performers, and spoke as little as possible himself, but every good or bad performance was noticed. Just the same with lessons in Thucydides, Livy, and Horace, which I heard at other gymnasiums in Berlin. The lessons had been well prepared by the pupils; the master made few comments, and only on really noteworthy matters, or to cite some parallel passage which was not likely to have come within his pupils' reading: in general, when he spoke, it was to question, and he questioned closely. The portion of an author got through at a lesson is about the same as in the corresponding form of the best English schools; but either in schools, or by private study, the boys have certainly read more than our boys or the French: it is the general rule that a boy who goes in for the leaving examination has read Homer all through. A larger number of the boys too seemed to have really benefited by the instruction, and to be in the first flight of their class, than with us. But the great superiority of the Germans is in their far broader notion of treating, even in the schools, the ancient authors as *literature*, and conceiving the place and significance of an author in his country's literature, and in that of the world. In this way, the student's interest in Greek and Latin becomes much more vital, and the hold of these languages upon him is much more likely to be permanent.

Our account of the Prussian public schools would be incomplete without a word on the *leaving* examination (*abiturienten-examen*), on which depends admission to the Universities (and through them to the learned professions), to the special schools, and to the civil and military service of the State. This examination is held

at the schools themselves, and is conducted principally by the higher masters. The president however of the examining body is always a delegate from the Provincial School Committee, which is a State authority in immediate subordination to the Minister. Each school has its own examination, but the Provincial School Committee has at any time the power of appointing that the same papers shall be used for all the schools of their district. The examinations take place at intervals of six months. They are conducted partly in writing, partly *viva voce*: the written part lasts a week. The subjects are such as are studied in the upper forms of the schools; Latin, Greek, French, and the mother-tongue; mathematics and physics, geography, history and divinity. The passages set for translation must be such as have not been read in school, yet not beyond the catch of boys who have fairly profited by their school-course. In the written part of the examination original essays are required, both in German and in Latin, on given subjects.* All candidates receive certificates either of success or failure. In the latter case according to the degrees of failure, they are recommended either to wait and try again after six months (they can only try twice) or to abandon the intention of going to the university. If they insist on going in spite of their failure, they may do so, but their attendance at lectures counts for nothing.

Public school candidates must have been two years in the first class before being allowed to stand this examination. The precise number of years does not seem to be exacted so rigorously from boys who present themselves from private schools; such candidates however have to apply to the School Committee of the Province, and give in an account of their previous studies. The com-

* Mr. Arnold gives the following subjects as examples of those set. For the German Essay,—“How did Athens come to be the centre of the intellectual life of Greece?”—“From [Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen* draw out a picture of the social state of Germany at the time in which the action of the play is laid.” For the Latin Essay:—“*P. Clodio, cum, ut Ciceronem in exilium ejiceret, in animum induxisset, quæ res fuerint adjumento?*”—“*Hannibal quibus de causis, quod sibi proposuerat, ut Italiam subigeret, non potuit?*”

mittee then decide whether the applicant shall be allowed to stand, and in case of permission direct him to a particular gymnasium for his examination. A boy however who leaves a gymnasium for a private school and then offers himself within the time that would have been obligatory on him had he remained, needs a special permission from the Minister to be examined. We must be allowed here again to quote Mr. Arnold's own words.

"The Prussians know well how insufficient an instrument for their object—that of promoting the national culture and filling the professions with fit men—is the bare examination test: they clearly perceive that what forms a youth, and what he should in all ways be induced to acquire, is the orderly development of his faculties under good and trained teaching. It is with this view that all the instructions for the examination are drawn up. It is not to be such as may tempt candidates to any special preparation; but such as 'a scholar of fair ability and proper diligence may at the end of his school-course come to with a quiet mind, and without any painful preparatory effort.' The total cultivation of the candidate is the great matter, and this is why the two years of *prima* are prescribed; that the instruction in this highest class may not degenerate into a preparation for the examination, that the pupil may have the requisite time to come steadily and without over-hurrying to the fulness of the measure of his powers and character, that he may be securely and thoroughly formed instead of being bewildered and oppressed by a mass of information hastily heaped together. All that stimulates vanity is to be discouraged, and the examination, like the school, is to regard the substantial and enduring. Accordingly, the composition and the passages for translation are the great matters in German examinations, not those papers of questions by which the examiner is so led to show his want of sense, and the examinee his stores of cram.

Oh that these last words could be written in uncial gold letters on the walls of our university examination rooms, at Burlington House, at Woolwich, and Sandhurst, and wherever else in England public examinations are held! Of all the points in which the superiority of the Prussian system shews itself, this is by far the most important, namely, that any examination which crowns a school course should be such as to recommend and enforce a long and steady process of instruction—a gradual and thorough development of the intellectual powers. The

style of examination, however, is not the only thing to be looked to in our endeavours to bring about this desirable consummation. Parents must be led to think that nine years at school is not too much time to allow their children, if those children have even moderate abilities. In most cases, when boys are taken away after four or five years' schooling, it is not because the parents cannot afford a longer period of instruction for them, but simply because they do not appreciate as they ought the importance of time in education. They had, perhaps, but four or five years themselves, and it has probably never occurred to them that a longer time would have been better for them. This, then, is a point on which our great middle class in England have to be *educated*, to use Mr. Disraeli's expression; they must be induced, by one means or another, to leave their boys longer at school. It is a thing on which silence should no longer be kept; every organ of the press should, if it were possible, be got to put this forward, in season and out of season; to reiterate and enforce it with rigour and earnestness, as gentlemen of the press know how. The subject of education is indeed at present filling the columns of our periodical literature. Quite lately, we noticed, in one number of the *Saturday Review*, six long articles bearing directly on one point or another of the education question. But this particular point we have not seen treated at all; and we beg leave to recommend it most earnestly to the serious attention of our brethren of the plume.

In close connexion with the number of years to be devoted to a boy's education, is the age at which he ought to be first sent to school. If, as is too often the case, he is not sent till he is eleven or twelve, it cannot be expected that he should remain nine years: probably no school would consent to keep a boy after he has completed his nineteenth year. Except it be for reasons of ill health, it must be characterized as culpable negligence and supineness on the part of parents to keep their boys from school after the age of ten. If they do not begin their serious studies by that time, it is improbable that they will ever take to them at all: idle and careless habits become petrified

in them, and, generally speaking, are never afterwards eradicated. For our own part, we should recommend the nine years' school time to count from nine to eighteen, rather than from ten to nineteen. Boys are ordinarily quite capable of fairly beginning their classical school work at nine years old; and, unless the mind is assisted to develop itself as soon as it is capable, not only is precious time lost, but a certain slowness and bluntness is apt to supervene, which multiplies the loss of time a hundred-fold. That we are no advocates for precocious development of the mental powers, the whole tone of our previous language will, we trust, be sufficient proof; but we feel sure that we are not taxing an ordinary boy's powers too much when we insist that his preparatory or elementary education should be so far advanced at the close of his ninth year, that he may be then able to enter the lowest class of a classical school, and begin his Latin grammar and first Latin author, whatever it may be. By the time he is nine years old, a boy ought to be able to read well, to write fairly, to know his multiplication table, and his catechism; and no more than this is necessary to fit him to commence at a classical school, if that school is what it ought to be.

We cannot, however, disguise from ourselves (especially after the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission) the fact that what are called classical schools are often enough, in this country, not what they ought to be. There is in fact something else at the bottom of our deficiencies besides the supineness and neglect of parents, and that is, the miserable course that is given at so many schools that have all the prestige of ancient foundation and bountiful endowment. It is of course no wonder that parents should think four or five years enough, when a little Latin and less Greek, and perhaps a little arithmetic and less algebra, is the very utmost that their children have even the opportunity of learning. Such places should have no further patience shown them, but a programme like that we have described as in force in the Prussian schools should be enforced by state authority. This could be done without undue interference in cases of endowed schools; and

private schools would soon, as a necessary consequence, reform themselves in the same direction.

The Catholic community in England, however, may congratulate themselves that their schools and colleges have less to reform than their neighbours. Their course has, we believe, never been so meagre as it is at the great Protestant schools, and unquestionably the progress of the boys as a body has always been better attended to. In classical culture, and especially in composition, we fall short of what is attained in the public schools, but it cannot be doubted that a larger proportion of our boys obtain a fair knowledge of their subjects than in any Protestant school in the country. We need, in the first place, a longer course; two years in each of the two higher classes, as in Prussia, instead of one, as at present, would tend to make things much more complete, and enable our colleges to take rank, even in classics, with the best of the public schools. We should perhaps in that case, for a time at least, feel the need of masters adequate to the higher aim of our education; but it would be for a time only. Another point, however, which we understand our scholastic authorities to complain of, is the advanced age and comparative ignorance of many boys who are sent to them. It is scarcely credible by those who know nothing of school life, what a deadening effect is produced on the general tone of the class, and possibly of the school, where there are many instances of boys who naturally exert an influence by their age and size, and whose previous habits cause this influence to act in a direction opposite to study.

It was not our intention to dwell on particular defects, but rather to exhibit the general contrast presented by the Prussian system to the English. We have done this as far as regards the classical schools; it remains for us to speak of another kind of high school in Prussia, equally public, equally thorough in its studies, with an equal number of classes, and a course of equal duration with that which we have described; whose studies however compared with those of the gymnasium, must be called non-classical. These schools go by the name of *Real-schulen*, and are for boys destined to callings for which

university studies are not required. The number of school-hours per week is rather more than in the *gymnasien*, and Latin is taught in all the classes; in the three lowest indeed more time is given to it than in the corresponding classes of the classical schools. Greek is not taught at all, and after the three lowest classes the time for Latin gradually diminishes, till in the highest class it is reduced to three hours weekly. In the two highest classes, mathematics and the natural sciences have eleven hours a week. English is taught as well as French, and drawing is continued through all the classes instead of being confined to the lower half of the school as in the *gymnasien*. The course is, as we have said, a nine years' course; and the aim in these schools is still to give a general and liberal training, not a special or professional one. There is a second rank of *Realschulen*, which also have six classes, but are distinguished from those first described by not having Latin made obligatory, and by being free to shorten the course to seven years instead of nine. There are again smaller schools of these two grades which lack one or more of the higher classes, and consequently bear the same relation to the full-course *Realschule*, as the progymnasium does to the gymnasium. Instances are not unfrequent of a *realschule* and a classical school forming part of the same institution; in which case the two lowest classes may be common to both. It should be added that there is a leaving examination for the the non-classical schools, of a similarly high character with that we have described for gymnasiums, though of course directed to the particular studies of this class of school. There are still passages for translation from Latin authors, though composition in Latin is not required. A certificate of having passed this examination is necessary for many of the lower posts in the public service; and many employers, whether in the line of commerce or of manufacture, demand it of those who apply to them for engagements.

It will be interesting in conclusion to see in what proportion these different kinds of schools find favour with the Prussian upper and middle classes. We think it will

surprise many of our readers to find, that out of the total number of boys receiving a public school education in Prussia, seventy per cent. are in classical schools, and consequently not more than thirty per cent. in non-classical. Again, out of the eighty-three non-classical public schools existing in 1864, forty-nine were of the first rank, in which, as we have seen, a considerable amount of Latin is still learnt. Consequently the proportion of middle-class boys in Prussia who receive no tinge of a classical training is very inconsiderable indeed; probably not more than about ten per cent. In connexion with the question of a classical education, it is interesting to note the testimony given to Mr. Arnold by Dr. Jäger, director of an institute in Cologne which embraces both a gymnasium and a *realschule*. He stated it as a result of his experience, that the boys of the classical school beat the *realschule* boys of the corresponding classes in the matters in which both study, such as history, geography, the mother-tongue, and even French, though to French the *realschule* boys devote so much more time than their comrades of the classical school. Dr. Jäger added, that in his opinion the reason of this was that the classical training strengthened a boy's mind so much more.

We have now put before our readers a complete account of the higher schools in Prussia: and we think no one can fail to see how much further good and solid education extends among the middle classes in that country than in ours. There seems no doubt that there will be some legislation on the matter before long; and the more we know of other systems and their success, the better able shall we be to reform our own.

i

Anne Severin.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the beginning of this century, about thirty years before the events which form the principal subject of this story took place, a number of men were one evening assembled in a room, dimly lighted by a lamp hanging from the ceiling, and with no other furniture than a table covered with papers. This meeting presented a strange medley of persons of high and low rank, rich and poor, noblemen and peasants. It included, also, some of those suspicious-looking individuals who are more or less associated with any cause, be it good or bad, which is compelled to shun the light. There was only one person present who kept his hat on; and he seemed to be treated by the rest with deference, merely indicated in some instances by that shade of manner perceptible, though hardly to be defined, in a real grand seigneur's way of addressing a prince, even when on a footing of familiar intimacy with one towards whom others are apt to run into the extremes of freedom or obsequiousness. It was not, however, towards this personage that the eyes of the assembly were chiefly directed; but rather to a tall, striking-looking man, at that moment half concealed by the curtain of a window, into the recess of which he had withdrawn to read a letter.

A few minutes had elapsed since the door had been opened. The last comers were gathered round the chimney, where a coal fire was blazing; for it was in London this meeting was held, and though the season was not further advanced than the end of August, the evening was cold and rainy. The rest of the party were divided into groups. Their voices sometimes rose above a whisper, but were soon lowered again at a sign from some one or other of those present. Then for a while nothing was heard but the confused hum of conversation carried on *sotto voce*, and accompanied by frequent glances towards the window.

At about half-past ten o'clock, the door, which had remained shut for about a quarter of an hour, gently opened, and, almost unobserved, a young man slipped in, and going to the chimney

shook the raindrops off his hat, and bent for a moment over the fire. The light of the flame shone on his features, which were so delicately chiselled that they would have been almost feminine in their beauty if a fair moustachio and the peculiar expression of his large blue eyes had not given to his singularly attractive countenance an unmistakably manly character. The new comer warmed himself for a few seconds, and then looked up. His glance met that of a man of about forty years of age, who was standing near him. There was something noble and dignified in the appearance of this person, but the expression of his face darkened, and a malevolent gleam, almost amounting to a scowl, flashed across it when the young man, who did not seem to notice it, offered to shake hands with him.

"It is late," the youth said in a low voice; "near eleven o'clock, I think."

"Yes, so late, that I did not expect to see you here at all; and really there would have been nothing surprising in your staying away—Monsieur Guillaume des Aubrys has something better to do than to come so far from the land of the living. He is not often occupied at this hour in running about the streets!"

"But yet you were aware, Monsieur le Marquis, that I had been summoned. What sort of person do you take me to be?"

"Do not put yourself into a passion. I did not mean to offend you. I can assure you that at your age, and circumstanced as you are, I should have found it difficult to make up my mind to come here to-night."

"Circumstanced as I am! Have you then forgotten that there is nobody in the world who has more reason to be here to-night than I have? Yes, you must have forgotten"—he added after a pause—"that Raoul des Aubrys was my brother." As he uttered these words his face assumed an expression that contrasted strangely with the natural sweetness of his features.

"Excuse me, des Aubrys," the other answered, with a softened manner, "upon my word, my thoughts were running in another direction, and I did not mean anything offensive to you."

At that moment the conversation was interrupted by the sound of a loud clear voice, and a general silence instantly ensued. The eyes of everyone present were turned on the speaker, who had resumed his place at the table. The lamp above his head was throwing its full light on the face of a man of about thirty-five years of age, whose reddish hair, tinged here and there with grey, fell down almost as low as his shoulders, leaving unshaded

his coarse sunburnt features, the vulgarity of which was only redeemed by the extraordinary expression of his eyes, which seemed endowed with the power of subduing the most audacious and encouraging the most timid. Whilst only seeking to unfold and clearly explain the scheme he was inviting his hearers to take part in, this man's spontaneous and unconscious eloquence carried them along with him, made them share all his emotions, and raised their enthusiasm to a pitch which proved to him that he had succeeded in his object, and that further explanations were unnecessary. Stopping short in his discourse, he abruptly exclaimed, "I have said enough, gentlemen! We have done now with words, and must proceed to deeds. Let those who choose to follow me lift up their hands."

Without exception, every hand was raised, and a burst of applause broke forth, which, however, the orator quickly repressed by a motion of his hand.

"By the appeal I made just now," he said, "I only meant to ascertain that you are all willing to devote yourselves to this enterprise, and that I may choose amongst you those whom I wish to follow me. Here are their names." He glanced over a list he was holding in his hand, took up a pen, and looked about him for a seat. Guillaume des Aubrys, who had not for a moment taken his eyes off his face whilst he was speaking, rushed out of the room and came back in a minute with a wooden stool. The conspirator paused an instant to look at the person who had done him this little act of kindness, and said, "Who are you, my boy? and what has brought you here?"

"I am Guillaume des Aubrys, and I have come here to follow you."

"Des Aubrys!" exclaimed the Vendean chief; and a sorrowful and almost tender expression stole over his weather-beaten face as he drew the young man aside, and said to him, "Raoul des Aubrys was the name of the dearest and bravest of my companions."

"He was my brother. It was by your side, if I mistake not, that he was cruelly butchered."

A silent inclination of the head, and a look in which, amidst a softer sorrow, gleamed a fierce desire for revenge, were the only answers to this question. Then, with a sigh, he said, "That brave fellow gave me some sad tokens to transmit to his mother."

Guillaume drew from his bosom a large silver locket, which he opened. On one side of it was a lock of thick fair hair, resembling his own, and on the other a piece of linen in the

shape of a heart and stained with blood. "That is Raoul's hair," he said, "and that heart was on his breast when he was murdered. It was only when she received these tokens, after days of cruel suspense, that my mother knew he was dead. She died of that grief, and I have to avenge them both by fighting against those who caused their deaths. So you see that, of course, I accompany you. If there are any that remain behind, I cannot be one of them."

"But out of all who are here, I can only take twenty with me."

"I *must* be one of those twenty."

"Not this time, Guillaume. There will be other opportunities—other expeditions. This one is too rash, too desperate, too much of a forlorn hope, for one so young as you are. It is not boys of twenty we want."

"No," Guillaume replied, "it is this time I must go. Who knows? another time I might not have courage to answer your appeal. No, no, take me with you now. I cannot be happy unless I go and come back; and I am in a hurry to come back."

"But you will *not* come back, my boy."

These words, uttered with a terrible earnestness, thrilled through Guillaume's heart. A cloud gathered over his eyes. For an instant he seemed to hesitate and struggle with himself; but soon, in a firm though agitated voice, he said, "Never mind; God's will be done. Go I must."

The business, which had been for a moment interrupted by this colloquy, was then resumed. A little further discussion took place, and was followed by another silence. Then a list of those who were to go was read aloud. A few obscure names, and some of the most illustrious amongst the French nobility, were included in the number. The last on the roll was that of Guillaume des Aubrys. A general exclamation—almost a murmur—rose in the assembly. His youth and good looks inspired a general feeling of interest; and, with one single exception, every person present felt grieved and shocked at the idea of his joining so perilous an enterprise.

He was surrounded and beset with remonstrances and entreaties, but he made no reply to these friendly exhortations. Other thoughts were in his mind, and bending towards the leader, who was still seated at the table carefully tearing up the list he had drawn up, he said to him in a low voice, "When must we be ready?"

"We start at once," was the reply.

"What, now, and from here? without time to say good-bye to anyone, or make any preparations?"

"You cannot take anything with you. Money and arms, which are all we want, we shall find elsewhere. It is almost midnight now, and long before two o'clock we must be off. Do you hesitate? It is still time to change your mind!"

The moment for action was arrived; and no trace remained of the softer feelings evinced a moment before. There was something imperious, and almost rough, in the manner with which these words were said. Guillaume shook his head, and though his features for a moment contracted with an expression of intense suffering, he did not betray any weakness. Kneeling down before the table, he hastily wrote a few words, and taking off the locket he wore round his neck, he wrapped it up in paper with the short letter he had just written, and sealed the parcel. After thinking for an instant, he glanced round the room, and soon caught sight of the person he was looking for. He went straight up to him.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "will you allow me to speak with you for a moment in private?"

The Marquis, taken by surprise, appeared almost to hesitate; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in a frank and cordial manner, "By all means, des Aubrys; I am quite at your service. But where can we go not to be overheard?"

"Come with me," Guillaume said; and opening the door, he led the way down a flight of stairs to a room on the floor below. He entered without knocking, and whispered to the Marquis, "It is La Mothe who lives here; but he is very busy upstairs, and there is no fear of his interrupting us just now."

The room was a small one, and in a state of great confusion. The uncertain light thrown by a lamp in the street enabled the two persons who had come into it to keep clear of the furniture, but not to see distinctly each others' faces.

"It does not signify," Guillaume said, "we have not time to get a candle, and, indeed, there is no occasion for it." He paused, as if to take breath. "You will, perhaps, think it strange, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "that having known you so short a time, I should have recourse to your kindness at this moment. But, in the first place, I can trust you, and then you will easily see why I am anxious to leave in your hands this parcel, which contains my last behests."

The Marquis gave a slight start, but did not speak.

"If I come back," Guillaume continued, "you will return it to me." He paused again, and then went on in a hurried manner—"You know, and you are the only person here who does know, how it breaks my heart not to say good-bye to—O my God! my God!" In spite of all his efforts, a convulsive sob shook his breast; but this involuntary burst of feeling did not last more than a minute. He began to speak again in a more steady though hoarse voice, and very quickly, for he was aware he had no time to lose. "It is to *her*, Monsieur le Marquis, that you will give this parcel, should you hear—should you hear of my death."

The Marquis squeezed his hand.

"You must be careful, for she loves me; and if it happens, it will be a terrible blow to her."

Had not the darkness of the room prevented them from seeing each others' faces, Guillaume must have perceived the effect his words produced on the Marquis. But he only felt his hand trembling in his own, and heard him promise, with an emotion which showed he was speaking from his heart, that he would exactly fulfil his behest. With youthful warmth of feeling, he threw himself into the arms of the man who at that moment almost seemed like a father to him. The Marquis clasped the young man to his breast, and held him there for a second, mentally resolving to be strictly faithful to the charge committed to him.

Half an hour afterwards, Guillaume des Aubrys was gone, and the Marquis slowly walking back, with a heavy heart, to his lodgings in a street near Portman Square. He knocked at the door of a shabby-looking house. It was more than two o'clock, and his old servant had evidently been waiting anxiously for his return. He passed him by without speaking, and went into a small room on the ground floor, where a good fire had been kept up, and a slight meal prepared for him. He made a sign with his hand that he wished the tray removed, and the discreet attendant, taking this as a hint that he wanted to be alone, quietly withdrew. As soon as the door was shut, his master threw down on the table his cloak and hat, and standing near the single lighted candle in the room, he drew from his breast pocket the parcel which had been entrusted to him, and read these words, written in a trembling hand—"For Monsieur le Marquis de Villiers, to be given by him in case of my death to Mademoiselle de Nébriant." He opened a bureau in a corner of the room, locked up the sacred deposit, and re-

turning to the fireside, fell into so deep a fit of musing that, by the time he awoke from it and went up to his bedroom, the day was actually beginning to dawn.

CHAPTER II.

The Marquis de Villiers was, at the time we have been speaking of, about forty years of age; and though he hardly looked as much, it was not strange that so young a man as Guillaume des Aubrys should consider him as quite an elderly person. They had met for the first time only about a month before the eventful evening just described, and no sort of intimacy existed between them. Guillaume shared all M. de Villiers' political opinions—he acknowledged his merits, and respected his character; but, in spite of himself, he could not help entertaining a sort of dislike to him, which it was evident, by many unmistakable tokens, that the Marquis fully reciprocated. Guillaume troubled himself, however, very little about it. M. de Villiers had made his appearance one night at Mrs. Percival's, where he himself spent the greater part of his time; and there was nothing surprising in this, for that lady had once been called the Comtesse de Nébriant, and the Marquis was her cousin. For many years, indeed, there was not the slightest intercourse between them, for he looked upon her second marriage, which had taken place since the emigration, as an unpardonable *mésalliance*. But Mrs. Percival had not noticed—or, at any rate, resented—his neglect. For four years she had been living quietly in one of the suburbs of London, devoted to the education of her own child by her first marriage, and of Dr. Percival's daughter by his first wife. In this humble retirement her days had been spent in peace and happiness, only clouded by the grief which the state of affairs in France occasioned to all the French exiles. The two girls, who were about the same age, and brought up together as sisters, were as fond of each other as if they had been children of the same parents. Good gentle Louisa Percival looked up to her French sister, as she used to call her, with a boundless admiration, and a kind of reverence inspired by affection, and not at all by the difference of rank which existed between them, and which the most nobly-born of the two thought still less of, if possible, than her friend.

Charlotte de Nébriant at the time when we introduce her

to our readers, was in truth a singularly attractive creature ; tall, graceful, distinguished-looking, her lovely head adorned with a mass of fair golden hair surrounding her head like a halo, her lips opening with a sunny, radiant smile, and disclosing a row of beautiful teeth, the expression of her large, childlike blue eyes, smiling as merrily as her lips, and at other moments full of a grave, sweet earnestness, so that people were tempted to exclaim at one minute, "What a darling !" and at another, "What an angel !"—a hackneyed expression, but one not altogether without meaning, for it does not often rise to the lips at the sight of a merely handsome face—of one whose countenance does not convey the idea of a more celestial beauty, an inward loveliness of which the external features are only the image and counterpart : and Charlotte's beauty was of that sort. So thought the Marquis de Villiers when he first saw her at a public concert, to which, somewhat in departure from their usual retired habits, Dr. and Mrs. Percival had taken their daughters. Both the girls were dressed in white. It was the fashion at that time in England to wear white muslin gowns in the morning, and perhaps we may be allowed to remark that it was a pretty and becoming way of dressing, and fulfilled, better than many recent inventions, what we may presume to be the object of all such fashions, however extravagant—that is, to soften ugliness and to improve natural advantages. At any rate, Charlotte looked wonderfully pretty in her white attire, and though wearing what everybody else wore, she attracted more notice than any other person in the room. But so little was she aware of the general admiration she excited, that it was only when a young man, almost as fair and as handsome as herself, came and sat by her side, that a slight blush deepened the colour in her cheeks. When he whispered occasionally a few words in her ear, she smiled, but without ceasing to attend to the music, which seemed to be to her a new and intense pleasure, judging from the expression of her face, and the exclamations of delight she could not restrain.

Never had the Marquis de Villiers been so struck with anyone. It may be as well, before proceeding with this story, to say a few words concerning his character, and the previous circumstances of his life. Less, perhaps, from a respect for virtue, than out of pride, and a spirit of contradiction, he had never fallen into the excesses into which men of his rank and age were too often wont to plunge. He had in his youth loudly anathematised the corruption and frivolity of that old-fashioned French society

which, at a later period, he had defended with a kind of intemperate vehemence, together with the whole state of things connected with it. At twenty-five years of age he had made himself conspicuous by a misanthropical tone of mind, which in him, however, was not affectation. The way in which men of his standing spent their lives, seemed to M. de Villiers utterly contemptible, and he would have been glad to employ in a different manner his time and energies, for his heart was good, and in spite of an offensive amount of pride, there was something noble and generous in his disposition. He would have been capable of self-devotion, tenderness, and even passionate affection, but feelings of this sort were not thought of at the period when he made his entrance into the world. An effete and profligate society, possessed with that spirit of pride and recklessness which is at once the presage and the prelude of great social and political disaster, was at that time hurrying into the abyss with careless levity—turning into a jest everything in heaven and on earth, and leaving behind it a memory which after ages would have branded with disgrace, if, by the trials which renewed, the courage which ennobled, the torrents of blood generously shed which redeemed it, and by the struggles which attended its renovation, it had not shown that, like the maiden raised by the touch of our Lord's divine hand, it was not really dead, but slept. Only in its case death had been a delirious dream—waking, a long expiation.

M. de Villiers had been, in his youth, the object of innumerable maternal speculations; there had been no lack of wealthy and noble brides proposed to his acceptance. But he had steadily declined to marry, and nobody knew the reason of this determination. The real fact was that it proceeded from a tolerably correct, though imperfect, knowledge of his own character. He did not, probably, admit that he was proud, imperious, and haughty. No; those who have faults of this kind generally call them by the names of their kindred virtues—firmness, highmindedness, and strength of character. But the Marquis was quite aware that he was irritable, violent, and subject to paroxysms of anger of which he often felt ashamed. "If I married," he thought, "I should be obliged to amend my temper, and I do not feel disposed to take that trouble; or I must find a wife who will not mind my bursts of irritability. Now, it is only where a woman loves that she excuses her husband's defects, and what chance is there that a little minx who would come out of her convent on the day before her marriage, after only having had a

glimpse of me through the grating, should fall in love with a husband whom she would look upon merely as the necessary condition to her wearing a court dress, going to Versailles, and heaven knows where besides? No—I am better as I am; and my brother, if he chooses, may marry, and save the family from becoming extinct.”

Of this kind were the things he said to himself—whereas his friends all declared that he would one day atone for his fastidiousness by committing some egregious piece of folly in the way of marriage. But graver and more anxious thoughts soon put a stop to these jests. The impending storm was gathering, and its first symptoms beginning to appear. The Marquis de Villiers was one of those who most clearly discerned its scope. He did not for one moment deceive himself with the idea that it would prove an imaginary danger or a short crisis; he estimated at the first the importance of those premonitory signs, but his clear insight only served to intensify that hatred and abhorrence of all that he foresaw would follow, and to strengthen his determination to oppose by every possible means the new, and as yet untried, order of things, which was about to supersede the fabric now tottering to its fall. Many of his friends were leaving France, and it would have been natural, in the state of his mind at that time, that he should have followed their example. But this did not suit his ideas, or his character; to struggle to the last, and die in the contest, should it prove unsuccessful, was his first thought and firm intention. But an unexpected blow changed the whole tenour of his feelings on the subject; his brother, to whom he had always been affectionately attached, took a line exactly opposite to his, and suddenly became a strong partisan of the revolution. In order to escape from the pain, which was in his eyes a disgrace also, of meeting such an adversary in the arena of political warfare and civil strife, the Marquis emigrated. Once beyond the frontiers of France, it became difficult to return, and for nearly twenty years his lot was cast with that of the French exiles; those victims of a noble sense of honour, who, in spite of the errors, illusions—faults, as some will have it—with which they have been so bitterly reproached, nevertheless maintained most worthily, in every country where they sought shelter, the dignity of the French name, and gained for it the love and veneration of those upon whom it was about to burst in all its might and glory.

CHAPTER III.

It may seem extraordinary that such a man as we have described M. de Villiers to be, should, at the age of forty, and, in spite of his habitual fastidiousness, have been so greatly struck by the beauty of a young girl as to fall in love with her at first sight—a thing which, it cannot be denied, occasionally happens; though, we are ready to admit, very seldom. The Marquis de Villiers, however, was doomed to prove one of these unfortunate exceptions to the rules of common sense. As soon as he had seen Charlotte, it seemed as if he could not take his eyes off her face. He was standing in a corner of the room where he could watch her unperceived, and during the whole time of the concert he did nothing but gaze on what appeared to him a perfect vision of youth and beauty. When the music was over, and he awoke, as it were, from this trance, he felt an irresistible impulse to follow, and, if possible, to find some excuse for speaking to her. At all events, he resolved not to let that bright apparition vanish from his sight, leaving him in utter darkness.

Everyone was moving, and he was about to press forward and to act, perhaps, in rather a strange manner, when he suddenly caught sight of Mrs. Percival, who had been sitting, concealed from view, at the end of the bench furthest from her daughter. He had not seen her for four years, but he recognised her at once, and at the same moment guessed that the lovely girl he had been gazing at must be his young cousin, Mademoiselle de Nébriant. Providence had indeed favoured him, he thought. In an instant he made his way through the crowd to the place where they were standing, and though he had not seen Mrs. Percival since her second marriage, he did not hesitate to go up to her and claim, in a frank and graceful manner, a renewal of their former intimacy. Mrs. Percival was charmed to meet again a friend connected with all the dearest recollections of her youth. She greeted him with perfect cordiality, and presented him to her husband. The warmth with which the Marquis shook hands with Dr. Percival was elicited, no doubt, by the secret delight he felt at the discovery he had made. He offered his arm to Mrs. Percival; the doctor took care of his daughter, leaving Charlotte to follow with the fair young man. As Mrs. Percival was taking leave of the Marquis she said, "I must introduce to you my

daughter." And Charlotte's beautiful eyes were raised towards him for an instant with their most grave expression. "And this is my step-daughter," she added, turning to Louisa. The Marquis bowed a second time, but without taking the trouble to look at Miss Percival.

The doctor, his wife, and the two girls, got into the carriage; the young man jumped on the box.

"May I come and see you?" the Marquis said.

"Yes, by all means," Mrs. Percival answered; "you will find us at home every evening." And just as they were driving off, she gave him a card with her address.

M. de Villiers stood for a moment in the street with this card in one hand, and his hat in the other, in rather a strange attitude, which the wondering glances of the passers-by at last made him conscious of. Then, recovering from his fit of absence, he quietly put on his hat, pulling it down over his eyes, and went back to his lodgings in a very different state of mind than when he had gone out a few hours before.

The following day, at eight o'clock in the evening, M. de Villiers was at Kensington, knocking at a door on which was to be seen the name of Elm Cottage. He was soon admitted, and shown into a drawing-room opening on a green lawn, where several persons were sitting under the shade of a large catalpa. He felt a little embarrassed at first, but his cousin's cordial welcome soon put him quite at his ease, and his inward agitation subsided. He glanced at Charlotte, and thought her looking still more beautiful than the day before. He also condescended to take notice of Louisa's sweet and intelligent countenance. A young man was sitting with them, but not the same he had seen at the concert. This one was taller, paler, and looked very grave; he had made a slight bow when the Marquis arrived, and then sat with his arms crossed over his chest, listening when Charlotte spoke, but saying nothing, unless she asked him a direct question.

It was getting dark, and for this, or some other reason, the conversation, which had been at first rather animated, was beginning to flag, when a knock at the door made Charlotte start, and a moment afterwards the fair young man of the day before, over whose absence the Marquis had been secretly rejoicing, appeared on the stone steps, and came into the garden. Charlotte blushed, and the young man who was sitting by her immediately gave up his place to the new comer, who, after shaking hands with Mrs. Percival, took possession of it as a matter of course. The Marquis's heart sank within him. We

can hardly venture to say how keen was the pang he felt at that moment; he saw at once how the case stood. It now only remained for him to learn the name of the favoured lover. When it was mentioned, it proved by no means unfamiliar to him.

"Guillaume des Aubrys," Mrs. Percival said; "the brother of poor Raoul, you know."

And the Marquis did know, for the tragic death of the young Vendean hero had been a common sorrow to all the adherents of the cause for which he fought and died.

"Guillaume and Charlotte are engaged," Mrs. Percival whispered to M. de Villiers; "and will be married in a month."

The rest of the evening was painful to the Marquis; and, as he was walking home, he questioned with himself whether it would not be wise in him not to go again to Elm Cottage. Up to that time his life had been a sad one indeed, but it had at any rate been marked by the dignified consciousness of a supercilious indifference. Now he felt as if that proud self-sufficiency which he valued so highly was threatened by the existence of a feeling which it would be difficult to disguise without an amount of self-control he was not accustomed to practise, and yet which he could not reveal without exposing himself to ridicule—in his eyes the worst of all evils. For some hours he had nearly made up his mind to leave London, but the irresistible longing to see Charlotte again, and to continue his visits to his cousin's house in the character of a relative and friend, which had been so readily conceded to him, overcame that more prudent resolution. "After all," he thought, "I shall suffer if I go, and I shall suffer if I stay; on the whole, I like better to suffer by staying than by going." And accordingly the next day, and every following day, till the evening on which the meeting we described took place, saw him at Elm Cottage, where he always received a most kind welcome.

Our readers can now understand the cause of the Marquis's agitation when Guillaume chose him as the depository of his last behests, and why his hands shook when he received the parcel which Charlotte's lover left in his care. They can also imagine how great must have been the struggle of conflicting feelings within him. On the one hand that of pity, joined with a deep sense of the sacred nature of the trust reposed in him, and on the other those fierce emotions of love and jealousy which had been the torment of his life during the whole preceding month. It was not in human nature that he should not experience an

involuntary relief at the suspension, at any rate for a while, of this torment. Guillaume was gone; he did not allow his mind to dwell on anything beyond that simple fact. For a few days—perhaps for a few weeks, he could be spared the pain of witnessing his happiness. As to the perils of the dangerous enterprise in which Guillaume was engaged, he tried to keep them out of his mind, and to think only of the favourable chances attending it. He recoiled, with a sort of instinctive terror, from the thought of the opposite issue. His generous nature could not endure the consciousness of the selfish and horrible joy which that prospect might awaken.

The first thing he had to consider was, what he would have to say if Guillaume's absence was mentioned before him. But this point was speedily set at rest by the first words which were addressed to him when he went to Elm Cottage. Though Guillaume had not had the least idea the day before that he should be obliged to start so suddenly, he was sufficiently aware of the object of the meeting to know what sort of expedition would be proposed, and on that account he had told Charlotte that he had promised to join a party of his friends in Scotland for a few days' grouse shooting, leaving it, purposely, uncertain which day he would go and how long he would be away. He had fully intended, however, to take leave of her before his departure, and had even resolved to tell her the whole truth, relying on the courage which is given to women as well as to men in times of great public emergencies. He did not, therefore, look upon that previous interview as a parting one; still, when at the moment of leaving her, he had said, as he kissed her hand, "My own! soon to be mine for ever!" a terrible pang shot across his heart, and, not to betray his agitation, he was obliged to turn away abruptly.

But Charlotte was at an age when we cannot believe in anything but happiness. There was not the faintest shadow of a cloud on her brow when she saw the Marquis on the following day, and she herself explained to him the reason of Guillaume's absence, in the most natural manner possible. She was neither sad or anxious. Guillaume was gone on a party of pleasure. He was to come back in a few days, and then it would be very near the time when they would be for ever united.

Nothing occurred for some days to disturb Charlotte's peace of mind, or the undoubted enjoyment which the Marquis found in his evenings at Elm Cottage since Guillaume's departure. It had been the habit of the engaged pair to come in from the

garden when it grew dark, and to spend the greatest part of the evening at the pianoforte. They sang together, which was only another way of conversing. Sometimes Louisa's voice was added to theirs. Dr. Percival greatly enjoyed these little concerts, and so did the tall young man who was sitting under the catalpa tree on the day of the Marquis's first visit. He had since been introduced to him. His name was Henry Devereux. He did not join the singers—he did not even look at them; but he used to listen to the music with great attention, and sometimes even with visible emotion. As to the Marquis, he positively hated that pianoforte, behind which the young lovers passed such happy hours. It was, therefore, no slight improvement in his destiny to find Charlotte sitting at a table where he could also sit to talk to her and before her, whilst she worked, and sometimes to see her raise her head with a pleased smile. This was almost like happiness in comparison with the misery he had gone through; and so, without reverting to the past or looking onward to the future, forgetting des Aubrys and forgetting himself, he lived on from day to day in a kind of blissful dream. More than a week had passed, and he still felt as if Guillaume had only been gone for a few hours, and he had not made a single inquiry as to the result of the expedition he was engaged in.

One evening—it was the 12th of September—the little party at Elm Cottage were sitting as usual round the table, when Henry Devereux, who was reading the newspaper, quivered from head to foot, and after giving a hasty glance around him, folded it up quickly and put it into his pocket. Neither Charlotte, whose head was bent over her work, nor anyone present, noticed this action, except the Marquis. Henry Devereux saw that he had perceived it, and made him an almost imperceptible sign, which M. de Villiers understood. He got up, and going to the window, turned round in a natural manner and said to him, "What a beautiful night it is! Come and take a stroll in the garden." He opened the window and went out.

Henry Devereux joined him in a minute or two, and, passing his arm in his, led him away towards an alley on the other side of the lawn. When they were at some distance from the house, he said, "I am not in your secrets; but you can trust me. I am a friend to your cause. There is a paragraph in this newspaper which frightens me; for—for *her*"—and he glanced in the direction of the drawing room—"she must not see it, unless

you are satisfied and can assure me that des Aubrys is really in Scotland, and not elsewhere."

The Marquis considered within himself for a moment, as to the prudence of giving a direct answer to this question. "What does the paragraph say?" he inquired.

"It says that twenty Frenchmen left London about the 25th of August, and landed on the 28th or 29th on the coast of Normandy, on their way to Paris, where they intended to raise a band of malcontents in sufficient force to attack the First Consul in the midst of his troops; but that the plot was discovered, and the conspirators pursued, and that they are all at this moment in prison, whence, there is no doubt, they will be sent to the scaffold. Des Aubrys' name is amongst them; he is even specially designated as the brother of the royalist of that name who was killed in La Vendée."

The Marquis had made up his mind that it would be quite safe to trust Henry Devereux, and he replied without hesitation, "That expedition did take place, and des Aubrys was amongst those twenty."

There was a long silence. The same thought was prominent in the minds of the two men as they walked to the end of the alley, and half way back again, without uttering a word. At last the Marquis said, "The best thing for the present, will be to keep that newspaper out of her way. It is just possible the news may be false. In the mean time I will make every inquiry, and to-morrow we shall know the real state of the case."

They shook hands, and returned towards the house. As they approached the window, they saw Charlotte and Louisa, who had both come out to admire the beauty of the stars shining in a cloudless sky. The air was more balmy and soft than is often the case in northern climates. Not a leaf was stirring, and except where the deep shadows of the trees fell on the lawn, the moon was shedding so bright a light on the grass that it would have seemed easy to count the little daisies which enamelled its smooth surface.

It was one of those nights that, even more than the most brilliant sunshine, seem to convey to the soul a promise of peace and happiness, and if it understands and accepts that pledge, the soul believes and hopes in something more true and real than what is called in this world truth and reality; only sometimes it misapprehends the extent of the promise, and the time of its fulfilment, and applies to this life what is meant for eternity. It was even thus with poor Charlotte at that time when—with

her head upraised, her hair waving, and her eyes fixed on the starry sky—she was, as it were, inhaling hope and joy. The beauty of the night, the perfume of the flowers, the sweetness of the air—the whole world seemed in harmony with the feelings which filled her heart. Her mother had followed her out of doors, and thrown over her head a thin white shawl, which fell in transparent folds round her slight figure. Thus gracefully clad, and standing in the pale moonlight, she looked so like a heavenly vision, that the two men, who were emerging from the dark alley, stopped short at a little distance from her, struck with the same feeling—one of intense admiration, mingled at that moment with the most heart-breaking pity. Henry Devereux's eyes filled with tears. M. de Villiers was not so visibly moved, but deeper and more agitating thoughts were at work in his breast. They stood for a while gazing on Charlotte, and not venturing to speak to her; and it was well they did not. It was well they left her to dream, to exult, and to rejoice in that hour, the like of which she was never to know again; for through a long course of future years it was doomed to live in her memory as the one in which her young heart had enjoyed the last smiles and taken a last farewell of earthly love and joy.

The Holy See and the Russian Government.

PART II.

WE have already set before our readers a short account of the negotiations between the Holy See and the Court of Russia, with relation to the condition of Catholics living under the rule of that power, which issued in the conclusion of the Concordat of 1847. Scanty as were the concessions made by that Concordat in favour of the persecuted Catholics, it was a step in advance on the part of the Emperor Nicholas, and it implied, in him at least, if not in his counsellors, a disposition to deal both with the Holy See and with those of his subjects who acknowledge the spiritual sway of the supreme Pontiff in a manner in accordance with the dictates of natural justice, and with his own solemn obligations. Unfortunately, the most indulgent view that can be taken of the subsequent history must be formed on the supposition, not only that the distinction at which we have already hinted between the Emperor and his advisers is real and important, but that in the ultimate policy and in the practical action of the Government the bigotry and astuteness of the subordinates had far more influence than any generosity or principle of honour which may have existed in the breast of the sovereign. We propose, in our present paper, to speak shortly of the acts of the Russian Government from the time of the Concordat till the outbreak in Poland, in 1860, reserving for a future article some account of the increased virulence of the persecution of the Catholics, to which that rising gave a pretext and an occasion.

The Russian Government showed from the very first that it had no real intention of alleviating the grievances

of the Catholics. The Concordat was ratified in July, 1847 : but the Russian official journals never published it; and, though it was communicated privately to the bishops and concistories, its provisions were allowed to remain a dead letter. In the case of a body under oppression, such as that which weighs on the Catholics of Russia, a formal promulgation on the part of the Government of concessions made in their favour was absolutely essential to their tranquillity. In Poland, the articles of the Concordat were not published for nine years. The articles themselves were not executed. One point alone appears to have been half carried out; and even as to this the Government interfered so as to make all that had been done totally devoid of effect. This one point was the new circumscription of dioceses, which had been agreed upon by the plenipotentiaries on either side, and had been proclaimed by the Pope in a bull issued at the time of the promulgation of the Concordat. The execution of the necessary details was committed by the Holy Father to Mgr. Holowinski, the Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Mohilow, with the usual and necessary injunction that the documents relating to the matter should be sent by him to Rome. This injunction was mentioned in the bull, and was perfectly well known to the Russian Government, which, however when his laborious task had been accomplished by Mgr. Holowinski, prevented him from executing the orders of the Holy Father, and every step taken in the matter remained without validity, in consequence of the absence of the necessary formulas at Rome. It appears that this was not merely a piece of purposeless and insolent injustice, but that it was designed to conceal from the knowledge—at least, from the official knowledge—of the Pope, another act of oppression of which the Russian Court had just then been guilty, in violation of an express pledge given on the point in question. This point related to the suppression of monasteries and convents. In answer to the complaints made by the Pontifical plenipotentiaries on the subject, the Russian negociators of the Concordat had distinctly promised that none of the religious houses existing at the time of the treaty were to be suppressed,

and also, that if any occasion arose for the infringement of this promise in a particular case, nothing should be done without a previous understanding with the Holy See. In order to make the religious houses more secure, it had also been agreed that a list of these houses should be drawn up and sent to Rome, to be inserted in the bull which arranged the new circumscription of dioceses. Monsignor Holowinski had been expressly charged with this duty by the Pope, and he had accordingly drawn up the catalogue with accuracy. But it did not suit the purposes of the Russian Court that this list, which contained a complete enumeration of the monasteries, and of the inmates of each, should be sent to Rome. Within two years of the promulgation of the Concordat, twenty-one religious houses were abolished. This measure was followed, in another year, by the suppression of all the houses of the Sisters of the Visitation, and of all other religious houses generally in which the number of inmates was less than eight. Finally, the destruction of the remainder was prepared by the closing of the novitiates, and other arbitrary measures.

One of the longest and most painfully interesting of the collection of documents lately printed at Rome is the report of Monsignor Holowinski to the Pope; a document which he was not able to draw up till nearly three years after the announcement of the Concordat. It breathes throughout the spirit of a brave and resolute man, surrounded by difficulties on every side, and almost worn down by the struggle, as to the ultimate issue of which he has no great hope. He writes as a man might be expected to write whose daily bread was vexation and discouragement of every kind: for he had to contend, not only with the astute and unrelenting vexatiousness of a persecuting government, but with timidity, and even worse things than timidity, among a part of the Catholics them. There is a touching simplicity about the manner in which he lays the miseries of his Church at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. We have no space to analyze this remarkable document, which throws considerable light on the proceedings of the Russian Court on all Catholic

questions. It represents the traditional spirit of the Government and the bigotry of its bureaucracy thwarting the more liberal intentions of the Emperor and of his more enlightened advisers. In the case of the Emperor, indeed, it seems but too probable that he repented having granted the Concordat almost from the moment that it was ratified. The whole execution of the matter rested with the Ministry of the Interior, and though the officials composing this department of the administration were known to be entirely hostile to the Catholic claims, no change was made in its constitution after the concessions had been agreed on. The head of the department was a man who had already distinguished himself by his zeal in persecuting and perverting the United Greeks, and who was known to entertain an intense hatred to everything Catholic. We catch a glimpse of the statesmen of the Empire, such as Nesselrode and Bludow, exerting themselves to obtain the execution of the Concordat, but all in vain, against the influence of this Skripitzin. The actual ratification of the articles was only obtained with difficulty, at a time when the state of Europe made it extremely important for the Emperor not to appear hostile to the Church or a persecutor of her children. Then came the question of the promulgation, on which everything really depended for the safeguard of the Catholics. On this question Nicholas appointed a commission of four persons to give an opinion: Counts Nesselrode and Bludow advised the formal and public promulgation of the Concordat in the manner usual with the laws of the Empire, but the two other counsellors thought it better that it should only be communicated privately to the Catholic Bishops and Concistories; and the Emperor, finding his advisers divided, took the latter course as most in harmony with his own feelings. Count Bludow exerted himself earnestly to obtain some other equivalent to the promulgation. He persuaded the Emperor while at Moscow, and thus away from the influence of the Department of the Interior at St. Petersburg, to have the articles printed, and to give orders for their insertion among the Imperial laws: but these last orders seem not to have been carried into effect.

The party which triumphed in the non-promulgation of the Concordat had the further satisfaction of seeing that its provisions were from the first entirely disregarded by the Ministry of the Interior—that is, by the Department which alone had anything to do with the affairs of the Catholic Church within the Empire—though it was unable to prevent the Catholic Bishops from carrying out such of the new provisions as it was within their power to execute. The existence of the Concordat was acknowledged, though it had never been formally promulgated in the Empire, and as long as the state of affairs in Europe was such as to make the Government afraid to appear unfaithful to engagements in favour of its Catholic subjects into which it had so solemnly entered, the very fact that those engagements were known to the world at large put some sort of restraint on its persecuting energies. But in the year 1850 the direct violation of the Concordat by the suppression of the monasteries already mentioned took place, and this was but the first of a series of similar measures, which marked the policy pursued by the Government during the remainder of the reign of Nicholas, that is, till the year 1855. Many of the suffragan Bishops of the respective Catholic dioceses died in this period, and no successors were appointed, the Government keeping their deaths studiously concealed from Rome. The new diocese of Cherson, the establishment of which had been stipulated by the Concordat, was indeed nominally filled up: but the Government forced the new Bishop to reside at St. Petersburg. The Bishops in general were deprived of all exercise of authority by the usurpation of the nominees of the Crown to the office of Secretary of the Concistories: a schismatical *History of the Church* was forced as a class-book on the seminaries: measures were taken to forbid the repairing of Catholic churches and chapels, and the building of new places of worship, while several were taken from the Catholics and handed over to the clergy of the State religion, and in some cases, where this was not done, the Catholics were forced by the threat that it might be done, to repair the churches of schismatics.

The Catholic parish priests were obliged to give in lists of their parishioners, which lists were then "edited" and mutilated by the Government officials: on the authority of these falsified lists prosecutions were instituted against the priests in question for having administered the sacraments to members of the dominant religion. We find in the catalogue of the details of this persecution an invention of tyranny which seems thoroughly Russian, and which is a perfect specimen of the insolence produced by the conscious possession of power against which there is no earthly appeal. Just as the Reformers in England put forth their "Book of Homilies"—so also the Russian Government put forth their book of Sermons, not only for the clergy of its own religion, but for the Catholic priests! The penalty of exile was attached to the recital of any other sermons but these. If any preacher with a taste for originality desired to recite a discourse of his own composing, it was to be approved both by the Consistory and the civil authorities of the province, and the Bishop was made responsible for its recital without any deviation from the copy submitted to this censorship. We can hardly expect to hear, after this, that the Catholic clergy in the Russian territories became very famous for the eloquence of their sermons: and of course, any defence of Catholicism against the false doctrines or aggressions of the dominant religion was strictly prohibited. Of other imaginable measures of legal persecution, none were wanting here: Catholic young men were enrolled by law in the army, and then sent to the other end of the Empire where they would have no opportunities of practising their religion or receiving any guidance or instruction from its ministers: Catholic nobles excluded from all offices, and forced into retirement or exile; mixed marriages made illegal unless solemnised by the priests of the State religion, and the children sprung from such unions baptized and brought up in that religion.

In the meanwhile, though the Holy See was ever on the watch to insist on the Concordat and to remonstrate against its violation, the absolute restraint exercised by the Government over the communications of the Catholics

with Rome made it almost impossible for the Pope and his Secretary of State to complain of definite acts of tyranny without exposing the very persons in whose behalf the plea might be urged to a charge of illegal correspondence with a "foreign power." The wrongs of the Catholics reached Rome by secret channels, and the Cardinal whose duty it became to remonstrate was obliged to conceal the sources of his information, and even occasionally to suppress his knowledge of facts which had not become public in the newspapers. Hence we find in the notes addressed at this time by Cardinal Antonelli to the Russian representative at Rome such expressions as "*di qualche parte si è avuta notizia*"—or "*E corsa voce*," or "*si parla anche*," and so on, used as to matters of fact as to which there was no doubt at all. The Russian Government was not slow to avail itself of the advantage given it by that state of things. With one hand grasping the throat of the witnesses on the Pontifical side, it wrote with the other the coolest denials of the truth of the facts which rested on their testimony. In the most courteous diplomatic language it assured the Holy See that its information was founded on "*des vaines rumeurs*," or "*des bruits complètement dénués de fondement*." Unfortunately the official documents now published by the Holy See show the truth of the facts, and also that the Russian Government was perfectly aware of them.*

The death of the Emperor Nicholas, which took place in 1855, marks a date from which fresh expectations began

* At the time when the treatment experienced by the Abbess Macrina and her companions excited the horror and indignation of the whole of Europe, the Russian Government in its official documents condescended to the most barefaced equivocation as to the facts of the case. One of the incidents which caused the greatest sensation was the death of five of the nuns who were forced to dig at the foundations of a certain building. The earth fell in on them as they were working, and the soldiers prevented their companions from digging them out. The word *mine* got to be used in the account of their death, and the Russian Government took hold of the mistake, and solemnly assured the world that "there was not a single mine in all the western provinces of Empire." In the same way, the nuns were commonly called Basilians—as indeed they were; but their name in Lithuania was "the Daughters of the Holy Trinity." The Russian Government again declared—"there is not a single house of Basilian nuns in Lithuania."

to be entertained of a more equitable treatment of its Catholic subjects on the part of the Russian Government. It was hoped that the new Emperor, Alexander the Second, would carry out honourably the provisions of the treaty with Rome, which had remained a dead letter in the time of his father. These hopes were founded partly on the character of Alexander, and partly on the express declarations which his envoy was instructed to make at Rome. It is possible, also, that the humiliation which had fallen on Russia by the issue of the Crimean war, and the necessity felt by that power of standing in an altered position before the public opinion of Europe, may have had something to do with the expectations of those who looked for better things. Alexander, when heir to the throne, had been at Rome: he had been most kindly received there, and had left behind him a very favourable impression of his liberality, generosity, and mildness of disposition. He had, it was said, been a kind of intermediate negotiator between his father and the Pope. The first communications which passed between the two Courts after the accession of the new Emperor were friendly and cordial. Early in 1856, the Holy See laid before the Russian Government a note, which contained a short summary of its chief complaints. It was, as yet, uninformed as to the execution of the Concordat, the Government having prevented the bishops from sending the accounts of their respective churches to Rome. Monsignor Holowinski, who had succeeded to the archbishopric of Mohilow, soon after the date of his letter to the Pope of which we have already spoken, was now dead; and he had never been able to send to Rome the authentic documents connected with the circumscription of dioceses which had been entrusted to him. Mention was made of the number of suffragan sees which had so long been left unoccupied, and of the disregard paid to those articles of the Concordat which related to religious houses and persons, to the ecclesiastical property, the instruction in the seminaries, the repairs of churches, and other such matters.

This note was answered in the following July, in a manner which seemed to promise much. The Russian

Government declared that it had examined the articles of the Concordat to which its attention had been directed, in a spirit of sincere conciliation. No opposition would be offered to the transmission by the bishops of their reports to the Holy See—though this transmission was to be made by means of the Russian legation. The documents drawn up by Monsignor Holowinski were sent with this answer. Promises were made as to filling up the vacancies, and the Bishop of Cherson was to be sent at once to his diocese. Promises were also made that the Concordat was to be carried out on many other points, and a new Ambassador to Rome, M. Kisseleff, was empowered to treat with the Holy See on other matters not particularly specified as having been already settled.

M. Kisseleff, in his first audience, went even further than this; for he began by imploring the Holy Father, in the name of the sovereign whom he represented, to forget the sorrowful past, and to trust to the good will of the Emperor. Alexander was described by his Ambassador as desirous not only of carrying out the Concordat, but of settling, in a manner in accordance with the wishes of the Pope, those other points of complaint which had been left without solution at the time of the treaty. This summer of 1856 was precisely the time when all Europe was looking with expectation to the solemn coronation of the Emperor, at Moscow, which was to take place early in September. It was in consequence of the very conciliatory and friendly language held by the Russian Government at the time, that the Holy Father determined to send a representative to congratulate the Emperor on his coronation. It would perhaps not be unnatural that a man in the position of Alexander the Second might wish, even from mere motives of policy, that the Supreme Pontiff should not be almost alone among the Powers of Europe in having no envoy present at the brilliant and imposing ceremonies to which so much importance was attached throughout the empire; but, with whatever intention on the part of the Russian Court, its language and action changed wonderfully after the mission of Monsignor Chigi, in 1856. In fact, at the

very time that this appearance of friendly disposition was so carefully maintained, measures were being taken in Russia for a course of action by no means in harmony with it. A Commission had been appointed to consider the whole question, both of the Concordat and of the grounds of complaint on which that treaty did not enter. Its report was afterwards communicated to the Pontifical Government, and published in the collection of documents to which we have often made reference. This report is a very curious document—all the more so, when we consider that M. Kisseleff, who was sent to represent the amicable intentions of the Russian Emperor at Rome, was one of the members of the Commission; and that the report then sent was given to him as a guide in his communications with the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli.

The first part of this document treats of the Concordat itself, the separate articles of which are examined in turn. As to all of them, the Commission has to confess that they have not been observed; and it makes suggestions as to the manner in which the case must be put in order to silence the reclamations of the Court of Rome! In some cases, it recommends that the long deferred execution of the treaty should now be made; but, in the generality, it suggests only that explanations should be offered to the Court of Rome, for the purpose of showing the necessity or expediency of the course pursued in violation of the Concordat. For example, the articles which provided that the Catholic seminaries should have Catholic professors had been violated in consequence of an order from the Emperor that the Russian language and Russian history should be taught only by Russians. In consequence of this, the seminaries had been placed under professors of the state religion. The Commission proposed that the Court of Rome should be informed that this had been done in consequence of the unavoidable circumstances of the case; and that a hope should be held out that Catholic teachers might, in time, be provided. But the *animus* of the Commission is seen better in the second part of the report, which deals with the many,

and, comparatively, most important points, which had been left untouched by the Concordat, though at the time of the conclusion of that treaty they had been registered in a separate protocol. These points included, as our readers are aware, questions of the most momentous nature, relating to the very serious hardships weighing down the unfortunate Catholics of the Russian Empire. As to these, the Commission finally recommended only two slight concessions: the nomination of some few bishops to the vacant sees, and a promise, on the part of the Government, to leave at least fifty religious houses unsuppressed.

It is almost superfluous to say that even the limited concessions suggested by this Commission were not carried out. The historical critic who compares the acts of the Russian Government with its deeds has but two alternatives before him in forming his judgment upon that Government. Either the administrative element in its composition is able entirely to paralyse the consultative element, or it must be a principle at the foundation of all Russian policy to say one thing and do another. We are not able to say whether the distinguished men of whom the Commission of which we speak was formed recommended in all sincerity that some sort of regard, at all events, should be paid to the pledges given to the Holy See in the time of the Emperor Nicholas, but were unable to produce, by their recommendations, any effect at all on the administration of ecclesiastical affairs by the Ministry of the Interior; or whether the whole Commission, as well as the apparently conciliatory language addressed at the same time to the Holy See, was a mockery and a sham. In either case the result was the same as to the Catholics. The two chief features in the policy of the Russian Government towards this class of its subjects during the earlier years of the reign of Alexander the Second, may be said to have been, first, an increase of rigour in preventing communication between the Catholics and the Holy See, even on spiritual matters; and, second, an increase of violence in the persecution, which had, ranged, unfortunately, with but too great success in the

reign of Nicholas against the Ruthenians, or United-Greeks, a great number of whom had been already cajoled or intimidated into apostacy. With regard to the former point, we find it stated that when the Catholics, bishops and others, availed themselves of the only mode allowed them of communicating with Rome, that is, through the Russian Government itself, their letters were suppressed or cast aside; and on the other hand, a document so purely religious in its character as the promulgation of a Jubilee by the Pope, in 1857, though forwarded from Rome in the manner directed by the Government to be placed by it in the hands of the Catholic bishops, was never allowed to reach them. To enter fully on the second point would require considerable space and time: it is enough to say that all measures calculated to complete the secession of the United Greeks to the State Church were carried on without scruple and unrelentingly.

The present Holy Father has, we think, on more than one occasion, taken the course of addressing himself personally to the best feelings of the Sovereigns with whose ministers the members of his own Government have been in official communication, in the hope of settling outstanding difficulties in the shortest and most satisfactory manner. This course is certainly eminently in harmony with the whole character of a Pontiff who has always shown himself disposed to assume the existence of generosity, frankness, and sincerity like his own in the hearts of those with whom he has had to deal. Pius the Ninth adopted this course early in 1859 with regard to the questions between the Russian Government and the Holy See, in a letter written by himself to the Emperor Alexander. This letter points out that the Concordat has still remained without effect, notwithstanding, as the Pope believes, the express and urgent orders of the Emperor, whose intentions have been thwarted by the obstinacy of subordinates. He remarks that he has frequently remonstrated on the subject with the Russian Government, but that he has always put his remonstrances in the form of "confidential notes," in order that no public breach between the two Governments might take place. He

implores Alexander to take in hand the cause of the Catholics under his rule, and to consider also the very important points left undecided by the Concordat. He begs him also to provide bishops for the many sees still left vacant, and particularly for that of Chelm, the one remaining diocese of the communion of the United Greeks.

No one can compare this letter of the Holy Father with the short answer which it elicited from the Emperor Alexander, without being struck by the contrast between the affectionate warmth and sincerity of the one and the rigid stiffness of the other. In fact, the Russian Emperor was placed in a false position. His Government, influenced to a certain extent by the more enlightened and liberal among its servants, wished to have credit with the world in general for gentleness of treatment towards its Catholic subjects and for fidelity to the most solemn personal engagements on the part of its successive sovereigns. The influence of which we speak extended so far as to bring about the making of the Concordat with the Holy See. But, on the other hand, the Russian Government, influenced, as to its practical and every day action, by bad traditions, by the false prudence, and even the hateful passions, of bigotry, was not inclined to relax in any way the severity which had become habitual to it. It made treaties like an European power, but it governed its Catholic subjects on Cossack principles. Its language was civilized but its hand was Tartar, and it has never lacked men of great and facile ability among its diplomatists to defend the most arbitrary acts of oppression in polished sentences, and throw all the blame of violated pledges on the party which has suffered from the violation.

The position of the Pope requires that he should speak plainly, and, that, after all that can be done by patience and persuasion has been exhausted, he should lift his voice and declare before the Christian world the guilty acts and bad faith of persecuting Governments. The time came when it was the duty of Pius the Ninth to speak plainly as to the dealings of Russia in reference to her Catholic subjects; and the Russian Government, as we

shall see, took that opportunity of recovering at least an intelligible position in the eyes of the world, by declaring the Concordat, which had been always treated as a dead letter, to be now formally abrogated. Unfortunately its position as an acknowledged and avowed persecutor of Catholicism could never free it from a double stain, resting on the character of its Emperors as well as on that of its officials. In the first place the Emperors had solemnly pledged themselves to protect the Catholic religion within their dominions in the free exercise of all its rights. In the second place, the skilful penmen in the service of the Empire could not take leave of the Concordat without a parting stroke of unnecessary misrepresentation—that the acts of the Court of Rome had brought about the abrogation of the treaty which the Russian Government had never even attempted to fulfil.

The Greek Physiognomists.

II.

OF the two Greek writers on physiognomy remaining for us to consider—Polemon and Adamantius—the latter, as I have already stated, is so completely the copyist of the former (whom he professes, indeed, to paraphrase in popular language), that it is hardly worth while to review them separately. As, however, Adamantius is the fullest upon certain points, I prefer to make his treatise the basis of the present paper. It is divided into two books, of which nearly the whole of the first is devoted to the investigation of the signs of character afforded by the eyes; the second goes over the other features, with the gait, breathing and voice, and then supplies outlines, in the manner of Aristotle, of the physical indication of various types of character. The preface to the first book has some interesting remarks on the value of the science. No one would choose as a depositary of property, or as a guardian of his children, or as a friend, a person whose features bore the clear signs of dishonesty or licentiousness; and the physiognomist knows—as if by heaven-sent, unerring divination—the character and views of life of each individual who comes before him. The use of his science then is evident; and it is the duty of the good zealously to work out the system of signs which it affords. He alludes, in the first place, to those which belong to the different races of mankind; and on these, in the second book, some highly interesting notices occur, which it is to be wished had been more extended. He observes that races had been so mixed it was difficult to judge of them, Syrians being scattered in Italy, Libyans in Thrace, and others in various quarters. Still, as a general rule, those of the north were tall, blonde (*ξανθοί*), with fair and soft hair, blue-eyed, flat-nosed, with thick legs, corpulent and loose in flesh, pot-bellied; in character simple, passionate, and slow in learning. Here he seems rather to have confused the Teutonic and Mongolian types. Those of

the south had black and crisp hair, black eyes, thin legs, were quick to learn, and very knowing, light-minded, untruthful, greedy of gain, and thievish. Either of these characters diminishes, or becomes more intense, in proportion to their increasing proximity to each other, or remoteness; and those whose *habitat* is midway will have a middle character and form. What the writers seem to have wished, was to make the Mongol and the Negro the typical extremes, north and south; but as they mixed the Teuton with the Mongol, so they mixed the native of southern Europe with the Negro. The distinction of the east and the west is named, and the Iberians said to resemble the Celts, but they are vaguely merged into the difference of north and south. Dryness and heat in the latter, moisture and cold in the former, are assigned as the sources of the respective characters which prevail in them; but we are again reminded of emigration as a great cause of variations in the types. That the immense mingling of nations caused by the Roman Empire has had so little permanent effect in changing national features is, however, very remarkable. The flatness of face in the Greeks of the present day, the bulky forms of the modern Romans, are exactly in agreement with their primitive appearance; though, as early as Sylla's time, the Athenians were thought a mere confused mixture of races, and Juvenal talks of the Orontes having flowed into the Tiber.

Adamantius gives a very full description of the physical characteristics of the Greek and Ionian race. He says they are sufficiently tall, broad, straight, well-built, fair-skinned, blonde, firm-fleshed, with straight legs and well-shaped extremities, moderate-sized and round head, strong neck, hair rather blonde and soft, readily curling, square face, thin lips, straight nose, moist, bright, lively eyes, full of light; for of all nations, he adds, the Greeks have the finest eyes. The flatness of the face, which I believe to be observable in the Greeks, as I have above remarked, Adamantius does not notice. The reader, perhaps, would hardly expect the Greeks to be described as blonde, and, from my own scanty observations, I should not so have pronounced them generally. It will be remembered, however, that Achilles in Homer is blonde and Pallas blue-eyed. Black hair, according to Adamantius, is a sign of cowardice and love of gain; very blonde and whitish, like that of the Scythians and Celts (again a confusion of distinct types), of stupidity, *gaucherie*, and rudeness; but the moderately blonde, of aptitude for learning, mildness and ingenuity in art. We see

the old physiognomists are often led astray by assuming a connection between phænomena which did not really exist.

To the eyes every observer of expression naturally attributes the highest importance. Whilst Adamantius lays down the rule that signs of character are afforded by every part of the human body, yet he regards them as all settled and collected in the eyes, which are the very doors of the soul, through which it makes itself visible. The following are some of the most curious of his remarks on this topic. Moist and glistening eyes are a favourable indication, for they are a characteristic of children. Breadth of the pupil is a sign of stupidity; narrowness, of cunning—as illustrated, in the latter case, by serpents, ichneumons, apes, and foxes; and in the former, by sheep and oxen. Small, fixed eyes, are a note of avarice, especially if the forehead and eyebrows contract in the middle. As for glaucous eyes, fixed and dull, he takes great pains to caution us against people who have such. With them never form a friendship, nor wish to have them for neighbours or fellow-citizens. They are fraudulent and watchful to commit injury. The exact rendering to be given to Greek words expressing colour is always more or less difficult. Perhaps blue inclining to green is the nearest representative of glaucous. Eyes which move quickly indicate a restless, suspicious, faithless character, with a tendency to delay rather than to energy. If the eyelids move along with the eyes, the character is weak; but when the eyes move quickly whilst the eyelids remain more stationary, there is daring in the character. Large, glittering eyes, in motion, but with a stare, resembling that of a man under the passion of anger, with eyelids wide open, are the worst. Such are the eyes of wolves and wild boars. Many very singular inferences are drawn from what he calls *κίγχοι*, spots like millet-seeds in the eyes. I should rather suppose he means by these the interlacing and shading of the circle round the pupil. Where, for example, there are such spots of a red colour in black eyes, he infers the subject is apt to meddle with poisoning and magic, and draws much the same conclusion from pale spots.

In the opening chapter of the second book, Adamantius has some interesting general observations. He tells us that we must physiognomise separately on the limbs, complexion, movements, breathing, and voice, but that we cannot draw safe conclusions from one sign, or from two, by themselves, but from several, or all, agreeing with each other, and referred to the eyes as the great standard. Like Aristotle, he judges very much by the two

great types of the male and female, and by the characteristics founded upon the animal creation. Thus, the lion stands for courage; the panther, for effeminacy, passion, craft, cowardice, and daring combined; the wild boar, reckless anger; the ox, gravity and harmlessness; the horse, boastfulness and ambition; the fox, cunning and deceit; the ape, buffoonery and irony; the sheep, simplicity; the hog, filth and gluttony; and so for birds and creeping things. As to signs afforded by various parts of the body we may notice the nails, as to which Adamantius particularly observes that, like other signs, they are of little importance taken alone. But with this qualification, broad, fair, blonde nails show the happily constituted character for talent and goodness called *εὐφυής*; if narrow, projecting, and curved-in, they show insensibility and brutality. Very crooked nails show impudence and a grasping character; very small ones, trickiness. Then for the fingers—if they are remarkably small and slender, they are a sign of silliness; if thick and truncated, of recklessness and improvidence. The best are those at once well-sized and symmetrical. A good broad back shows courage and generosity. Strong arms, and well-jointed elbows, are a good sign; very fleshy ones show stupidity. Soft hands go with genius; hard and large hands with courage, but inaptitude to learn; stunted hands, with folly. The neck presents many indications. If very long and slender, it argues cowardice and a bad disposition; if thick as well as long, courage and boastfulness, with self-will; if of moderate length and thickness, strong and well-set, courage and aptitude for learning and virtue. A loose and weak neck shows a tricky character; a neck full of nerves, or twisted with great vessels, that blundering, obstinate character the Greeks call *σκαίος*, and the French *gauche*. Very small chins are a bad sign, and show especially cruelty and craft—the serpent type. [It might have been added that we find the smallness, or almost the absence of chin, in the negro physiognomy.] A flat mouth shows cowardice; a small mouth, effeminacy; a projecting underlip, a harmless character, but commonly rather silly; a small mouth, projecting outwards, a deceitful disposition; a hollow mouth, as if set in a cavity, an envious and bad character. From a straight nose you may infer a talkative character; from a very small one, thievishness, and inconstancy of purpose. The larger the nose the better. Wide nostrils show courage; narrow, round, and confined ones, folly. A very crooked nose will be apt to be accompanied by crooked ideas. Some one wrote, a few years ago, *Notes on Noses*. If the book has not disappeared,

the reader might compare these hints of the old Greek with modern observations. We examine with interest the chapters on the forehead and head, to judge how far the Greeks had anticipated the doctrines of phrenology. They are, however, rather disappointing, as far as regards that subject, and show no remarkably minute analysis. A narrow forehead, says Adamantius, is one of the strongest marks of folly; a long one, of quickness of perception and aptitude to learn; if the forehead is very flat, it shows effeminacy; if bulging, high, and round, stupidity and impudence. "Delight not," he adds, "in a rugged forehead, or which has, as it were, hills and trenches in it. All such things are signs of trickiness and faithlessness, and sometimes of folly and madness, if the other signs coincide." With Aristotle, he praises the square, well-sized, and well-proportioned forehead, as indicating courage, intelligence, and magnanimity. A very small or a very large head, indicates stupidity; but one larger than is symmetrical, shews quick perception, courage, and disposition to magnificence. Those who have the back part of the head low, are of confident character. Hollowness of the parts at the sides of the head show the subject to be deceitful and resentful [contrary, we imagine, to the usually-accepted phrenological signs of that region]. The middle of the head moderately level, well-sized, and straight, is best of all for good perception and greatness of mind. This observation would not be inconsistent with phrenology, if it implies that the organ of veneration is not in excess. Ears too large, or too small, show, respectively, stupidity or cunning. Square ears, tolerably large, courage and good perception. Well-sculptured ears, ability and intelligence; ill-sculptured ones, the contrary. I am not aware whether any physiognomist has suggested that large ears may indicate an aptitude for music. This feature is, at all events, singularly noticeable in the portrait of a living European sovereign very celebrated for his passion for that art. Fleishy cheeks are a sign of indolence and love of drinking; round cheeks of a fraudulent character; very long ones, of a love of gossip and idle talk. A fleshy face shows a ready, vigorous character; a lean face, a thoughtful and insidious one—

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

A small face, is a sign of a small character; one too large, of folly and stupidity. Generosity and meanness are especially recognisable in the face, taken as a whole. So, too, earnestness

and love of amusement, melancholy, inactivity, and vigilance are all easily revealed in the face. Many indications are afforded by the gait. To take long steps is a sign of efficiency and vigour; short steps, of an unbusinesslike character and bad temper. If quick, but short steps, of love of gain, of dishonesty, and cowardice. Quick movements, with erect and open carriage, show a hot temper, energy, and readiness to make attempts. Intentionally slow walking, coupled with a trick of looking about with uplifted neck, indicates pride and insolence. Regular and silent breathing shows calmness of mind; low and deep breathing, roughness of character. The descriptions of various characters, as detected by physiognomy, are very singular, and often such as might be usefully studied for stage purposes. Take, for example, the covetous man. He is small-limbed, small-eyed, small-faced, walks quickly, stoops, has a quick and sharp voice, and rather red complexion. Another remarkable type is that of a character the writer calls *μωροπονηρός*, that is, one combining folly and vice. Gaols and reformatories would afford abundant means of testing the accuracy of the portrait. The "wicked fool" then, or the "foolish villain," has a narrow, oblique head, with long hair, long ears, bending back, round neck, small, gloomy, hollow, dry and staring eyes, narrow and long cheeks, long chin, long open mouth, unshut, so as to make the face appear as if it was split in two. He is round-backed, pot-bellied, thick-legged, with rugged fingers and toes, of rather pale complexion, eyes swollen as if he was just waking from sleep or drunkenness, voice small, bleating, and audacious.

To the above notice of the old Greek method of physiognomy, I may add that it appears, from some curious chapters in the *Philosophumena*, that it was also practised, in the third century after Christ, in close connection with astrology. The writer describes at large what he calls the *μετωποσκοπικὴ μαντεία*, or divination from inspection of the forehead, the professors of which, he says, refer the forms of men to the stars. Each sign of the zodiac conveyed a peculiar conformation and character. I will take as a specimen his description of those born under the sign of the lion, from which it will be evident that this pretended science helped itself, in guessing at men's probable career, by the light, real or imaginary, which the natural indications of physiognomy afforded. "Under the lion, this is the type: a round head, reddish hair, large wrinkled forehead, thick ears, long neck, partially bald, sanguine complexion, grey eyes, large jaws, thick body, particularly in the upper parts, large chest,

the lower extremities slender; in temper they are self-opinionated, not readily mingling with other people, pleased with themselves, angry, passionate, contemptuous, obstinate, deliberating on nothing, destitute of tact and wit, apt to waste time to bad purpose, led by habit, immoral, impudent, untrustworthy, apt to beg, daring, covetous, grasping, important, useful for a common purpose, but useless in rendering help" [that is, if I understand the passage, capable of service to society, but not to the individual] (*Philosophumena* iv. 19).

It will be perceived that this sketch is quite in the spirit of those physiognomists whose works I have been reviewing, and it is an instance of the readiness with which the art lent itself to *charlatanerie* and imposture, like the sister-art of phrenology at the present day. In fact, many of the signs on which they rely are of so arbitrary and fanciful a nature that their devotees, without much sacrifice of consistency, might pass on to gather inferences from the grounds in a tea-cup. The Greeks, in more senses than one, some bad and some good, were children, as it is said the wise Egyptians declared to Plato that they thought them; and with all the acuteness of observation exhibited in the treatises I have analysed, they certainly are not without this tendency to puerility. The science attempted to be formed in them may serve as the amusement and gay appendage of graver and more solid investigations, and like much child's play, it may occasionally detain us with graver truth. That there are some reliable indications afforded by the features, our instinctive feelings teach us. They are only likely to deceive and entangle when we pass off from that instinctive feeling, and attempt to throw it into a system by rule and square, deciding against a man by the length of his nose, or the shape of his fingers.

O.

A Visit to the Isle of Man.

BY CAPTAIN W. C. DE VERE, R.N.

AMONGST the many traditions with which the early history of "Man" is embellished, is one of a certain mermaid who fell in love with a handsome young fisherman. He, however, did not reciprocate the tender passion. Although he despised the head and shoulders adorned by those flowing golden locks, in visions of which poets have from all time revelled, he may have viewed—and probably did, for handsome young fishermen are but men after all—her fishy half with a professional longing and desire to put it in his creel. Be that as it may, she was not satisfied with the return made to her love; and, determining to be revenged upon him, she committed an act by which the whole island was punished, thereby much injuring the character of mermaidhood, hitherto in good repute for gentleness and harmlessness, and laying it open—alas, for the poets—to the imputation of spite. She enveloped the shores of the island in a fog, so that, to use the words of the ancient chronicler, "the weary mariner wandered up and down its coasts, unable to descry the haven that he would be at."

Fortunately for us, the spell was not on the island on the occasion of our approach, or we should have lost one of the most beautiful and striking views imaginable. We steered a direct course for it from Whitehaven, the day bright and sunny, a cloudless sky overhead, a crisping blue sea beneath, the light fresh breeze from the eastward just sufficient to curl its surface into rippling waves with crests of purest foam. For a while we saw no other land than the dark coast we had left; but ere long—as the steamer rushed along, sending a field of creaming foam before her bows while astern stretched out for miles, straight as an arrow, her pale green wake, so transparent that the air bubbles, spinning round and round in minute whirlpools under the surface, looked like sparkling jewels—there arose ahead what appeared like a blue haze. Soon it settled into an outline, faint and delicate at first, as if traced by a spider's

thread ; and, gradually becoming more clear and distinct, gracefully rose before us in all its bold and beautiful proportions.

By degrees, as we approached our destination (Ramsey), scene after scene of varied beauty broke upon the view : the fine chain of the North and South Barule Mountains, Snaefell in the centre ; the deep and shady glens, with their hanging woods, dividing the mountains by so many passes ; the precipitous cliffs and towering rocks ; the bold and rugged coast-line beyond—all combined to form a scene far superior to anything that we had expected. Leaving astern the point of Ayre, the northern extremity of the island, and running along the shore, the character of which is low and unromantic, we soon reached the harbour. It is formed by the estuary of the river Sulby, and protected by a fine pier and breakwater. We found it enlivened by a large amount of shipping, with gay flags hoisted to welcome the arrival of the packet. Encircling this pretty harbour, on each side of the river, rises the straggling and picturesque little town of Ramsey. Stone-built, and set off by many gardens and trees interspersed throughout, two or three pretty churches, a fine stone bridge with many arches, and, above all, the gleaming river, it has a very bright and pleasing effect. It seemed to receive us with smiles, and welcome our arrival ; and it was with a feeling of assurance, that what greeted us so smilingly must have still more in store for our enjoyment, that we landed. The very name of Mona, and those of her rivers, mountains, and glens, are musical and poetic—suggestive of a land possessing natural beauties of no ordinary kind, and of a people who, in adopting such names, bore involuntary testimony to their own power of appreciation and love of the beautiful.

We disposed of our worldly goods in a pleasant lodge by the sea-shore, the bay window of which, looking over a pretty little plot of roses and pinks, gave us the view of the expansive bay, with its pure glittering blue waters, and its white crested waves rippling in lines of foam upon the far-extended crescent-shaped sandy beach. Overhead, the seabirds wheeled, or, sweeping along its surface, dropped into it with a dash to rest the wing. Dancing up and down the waves, and flitting across the bay, numerous fishing boats gave additional animation to the scene. In the distance, with the seas rolling in upon its rocks, and dashing in clouds of spray up its cliffs, rose Maughold Head, bounding the view to the south. To the north was the harbour and the pier ; far away in the distance, the point of Ayre sloped down to the sea. Such was the broad and bright view which

we had from our window—an exhilarating scene of which one could never weary, and which, changing its summer aspect under the wintry tempest, must be grand in the extreme. We were satisfied with the fresh breeze which, sweeping over the sea at our feet, blew into our casement, waving backwards and forwards the honeysuckle and fuschia by which it was embowered.

The scenery which surrounds Ramsey is of a very charming and pastoral character. The town terminates the long and verdant valley of Sulby, through the midst of which winds the river (taking its name from, or giving it to, the valley), deepening, broadening, and darkening, though ever pure and clear, as it approaches its outlet. Some spots on its banks are wooded. Here and there are sprinkled pretty thatched homesteads, nestling amid blooming gardens, and encompassed by hedges, then white with May. In other places, green meadows, cornfields, and fragrant clover patches, sweep down to its banks, occasionally diversified by (more beautiful than all) rocky, uncultivated eminences, where the gorse and bracken dispute for the pre-eminence, imparting to the scene the exact amount of wildness necessary to rescue it from the charge of tameness. To the north of the river, towards Kirk Andreas and Bride Church, the scenery is low and flat. Tradition speaks of a large lake as having once existed here, a circumstance not improbable, for remains of a lacustrine nature have been excavated in the neighbourhood. To the south, how different the view! We crossed to the north side of the river, for the purpose of including it in the picture; and before us stood the varied and rugged outline of the winding chain of mountains, their sides here and there clothed with hanging woods of oak, birch, and pine, reaching almost to the summit—then crowned with the golden gorse; in autumn, with violet and purple heather. Occasionally, where the winter torrents had washed the soil from the mountain-side, appeared great grey patches of the time-worn and weather-stained limestone crags, in the crevices of which, and drooping overhead, the mountain ash has established its home. Lower down stretched the green fields, with fine spreading timber trees at intervals. Dwelling-houses amid detached groves and gardens, hedgerows, and banks covered with flowers in rich masses, pink, violet, white, and blue, all had their representatives, and that in a profusion we have never seen excelled. Among them thronged whole beds of violets, wood anemony, pink lychnis, and, loveliest of all, the delicately-pencilled tender little wood sorrel, the entire plant of which, from root to crown, is one of the most charming

of nature's floral productions. The hills slope to the fields, and the fields to the river at our feet. Gently between its banks, steep here, and low there, it pursues its winding course, rippling and bubbling among the stones where it is shallow, but silently sliding in many a deep black pool under the overhanging bank, wherefrom the ferns droop—within the deep shadow of which lurks many a goodly trout.

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Some of the most beautiful features in the scenery of the island are the sylvan glens which intersect the mountains. They are very frequent, and analogous in character: but I always found something distinctive in each, imparting to the whole an endless variety. They all have their accompanying streams, but each with some characteristic of its own: one smoothly flowing between banks of verdure and beds of many-hued wild flowers; another turbulently rushing between rocky bounds, tufted with fern, and painted by vari-coloured lichens. Interrupted by black ledges, and huge boulders torn from the mountain-side and rolled down in some long-past age, one of them forms a series of mimic waterfalls, musical to the ear, and enchanting to the eye; it wanders away half-hidden, but yet gleaming through tangled then briars and brushwood, amid bowers of oak and mountain ash, whose boughs, reaching from side to side, and mingling overhead, form a half shade, through which the sunbeams glance and quiver upon the laughing water.

Although it was early in the year when we came to see this charming island, yet the season was far advanced, giving us the advantage of a mingled spring and summer—all the freshness, vigour, elasticity of the one, its boundless profusion of wild flowers, its delicate tints upon the trees, which, though in full leaf, had not yet lost youth's complexion, its myriad sounds of joyous young life, its full flowing streams, not yet degenerated into little wandering rills. Meanwhile, overhead was the cloudless sky of summer, from which blazed the sun, forcing us, not reluctant, to seek the cool shade of the groves, where reclining, book in hand, upon the as yet unburnt sward, we listened to the gurgling of the brook at our feet.

There was something in the glowing scenery and climate here that involuntarily brought back the tropics to my mind. Whether it was the luxuriant vegetation (the blades of grass seemed wider, the leaves of the trees larger, than anywhere else), the deep, almost impenetrable shade of the woods, the purity and depth of the blue sea, the precipitousness and nearness of

the rocks and mountains in the background, or the hot sun, I know not—probably a combination of all; but from the moment I landed and wandered out along the white road into the country, visions of those old and well-remembered scenes filled my mind, and I constantly asked myself the question, “Can this really be a scene in the British Isles?” I almost momentarily expected to meet negroes with baskets of limes, or yellow bananas, on their heads, and to hear their songs and merry shouts to each other; or, haply, the appeal, as of old, with a wide grin and yah, yah, yah, of “Give me one peepenny, massa.” As my eye wandered from side to side, I almost expected to see the fields of heavy-headed Indian corn, or the tall, slender, green sugar-cane, waving in the breeze; the long stem of the plantain, with its head of immense shining green leaves, broad and drooping almost to the ground, crowned with spikes of its golden fruit; or the graceful cocoa palm, with its leaves like gigantic ferns. Almost instinctively, my eye searched the hedges for the crimson passion flower, and other trailing plants, the wayside trees for orchids, and the woods for chattering monkeys, and screaming, gaily-plumed birds.

Nowhere did I experience this feeling more than while walking along the road which, winding round the shore of the bay, leads to Ballure Glen. This lovely spot is not more than one mile from Ramsey, in a southerly direction. As we drew near to where it opens out upon the shore, we saw, nestling amid flowers, trees, and shrubs of luxuriant growth, a low-eaved, one-storied, deep-verandahed cottage, covered to excess with climbers of every variety—jessamine and myrtle, rose and fuschia. Out of the verandah, attracted by the admiration which we could not refrain from expressing in passing, came an elderly gentleman, whose appearance was startling, and almost a realisation of my dream of the tropics. On his head was an enormous wide Chinese straw hat—or thatch, I should have said; a wide dressing-gown folded around him, loose white trousers, and yellow slippers, completed his costume. Can it be a vision of the brain—I thought; am I in reality in Jamaica, and is this a planter?

Accepting his invitation to walk round his garden, of which he was justly proud, we turned in through a small gate, guarded by a most imposing battery, on which were mounted two formidable looking weapons in the shape of cannons. Formidable, I say, but far more to the defenders of the garrison than to the supposed assailant. It would require courage of no ordinary

degree to load and fire off such interesting relics of an era as distant, I should think, at least as that of the discovery of gunpowder. Such as they were, however, connected with the tall flagstaff behind, which, it may be presumed, it is their duty to protect, they at once betrayed the character and bygone pursuits of our host; he was an "ancient mariner."

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Pursuing a rugged pathway through Ballure Glen, which leads upwards to Albert Tower, we at length reached that rocky point of elevation upon which it has been erected, in honour of the visit of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, and to commemorate the spot at which he expressed the greatest admiration of the vivid and picturesque scenery which surrounded him. Certainly no visitor will be disposed to quarrel with the taste of the good Prince; for, looking seaward or landward, at the valley beneath, or majestic Snaefell and the line of mountain ridges above, it would be difficult to conceive a panorama of greater beauty, although doubtless many of greater extent and dimensions might be found elsewhere. From this point of view the whole of the northern division of the island is seen spread out; and the eye, running over it and beyond it to the deep blue sea, with its ever-changing aspect, can never weary of a scene so various and so picturesque. Leaving Albert Tower, we clambered down a steep path, and came upon the low land among the trees at the entrance of fairy-like Glen Aldin, up which we wandered. At evening, retracing our steps, we watched the sun sink behind the fine summit of South Barule, lighting up the crest of Snaefell with its parting rays. Whence, returning to our "cottage by the sea" by the Lezayre Road, we were recompensed ere long for the flight of day by the rising of a glorious moon, beyond the calm expanse of waters in which the stars had already mirrored themselves, and across which it shed its train of golden light.

We set out the next morning for a walk to Kirk Maughold, for the purpose of seeing the grand promontory, the ancient church and churchyard, and the Runic stones which it contains. The promontory forms the first headland on this side of the island, if we except the magnificent precipitous bluff of Spanish Head—so named in commemoration of the shipwreck upon it of some ships belonging to the "Invincible Armada"—which seems to defy all time. Our walk was a hot and dusty one, by the road which winds round the shores of the bay, presenting at every turn a constantly varying series of charming views both of the

coast and the interior. We deviated from our way at one place to scramble down into a little nook beside the sea that invited us to rest with its cool, refreshing carpet. Here we were rewarded by finding a delicious cascade tumbling from above down a chasm which revelled in softest moss and greenest fern—then bubbling away, pure as crystal, to the sea by the channel it had formed for itself through the pebbly beach.

Following the road which winds up the steep hill, we reached the soft and breezy downs which crown the promontory of Maughold, where still stands, surrounded by its ancient monuments, the little church, which I am informed is one of the most venerable, as it certainly is one of the most interesting, in the island. The date of its erection is very early, and a legend is attached to it of a certain penitent from whom it took its name—one who was cast away on the wild rock at its base. Gaining the shore, he entered into the solitudes of the neighbouring mountains, where for a long time he led a hermit's life. Becoming renowned for his sanctity and austerity, he finally became bishop of the island. To this day Kirk Maughold is held in especial veneration by all classes of the people in this part of the isle.

One of the ancient Runic crosses, of which there are several examples surrounding the ancient church, is said to illustrate—though much defaced, and nearly obliterated by time—acts in the life of this traditionary saint, of whose existence and piety I believe there is no reasonable doubt, though much of the legendary history may be open to question. This cross itself—said to belong the fifteenth century—is in good preservation. Springing from the centre of a pedestal formed by three steps is a slender shaft about five feet high, upon the top of which rests a quadrangular stone about three feet in dimension, with carvings on each side. On one are the figures of the Virgin and Child; beneath them, in a circle, the emblematic rose. On another is our Saviour crucified. A third represents the figure, full of grace and dignity, of a female, said to be St. Bridget, one of the tutelary saints of Ireland, and who, according to tradition, received the veil from the hands of St. Maughold. Kneeling with hands crossed on her bosom, and eyes turned heavenward, she seems to supplicate mercy, or pour out her soul in adoration. The fourth side bears too strongly the impress of the hand of time to enable one to decipher what man's had sculptured.

All the old churches in the Isle of Man are remarkable for their total absence of decoration. This of St. Maughold alone

displays a little tracery in the chancel windows. They are remarkable, too, for the absence of tower or spire; the only elevation above their high-pitched roof being that of a bell-turret on the gable end. The right of sanctuary belonged to this church, nor was it unfrequently exercised.

Bidding adieu to these old monuments, we walked out to the Head. It forms the eastern-most point of the island, from which the coast stretches southward towards Douglas in a succession of deep bays and projecting promontories. The cliffs are characterised by boldness and variety of colouring; in many places clothed with patches of stunted brushwood, gorse, and heather, almost down to the water's edge. Ivy, too, I observed occasionally, covering the rocks with its dark green foliage. Each of the bays intervening between the bluff and rocky points, which form such striking features, is the terminating spot of a glen peculiar to itself, and it is only in their bights that any beach is to be seen. Each has its rill or stream, its banks of wild flowers, and fragrant plants. Looking downwards from the height at which we were standing, as far as the eye could reach, was the sea. Here and there the white sail of some outward or homeward bound ship (how easy to put these two words together, and what worlds, what fates, lie between them!) gleamed in the sun. On the great black rocks so far beneath us the waves unceasingly raced and moaned, at one time driven by the winter's storm in overwhelming masses with a roar and voice like thunder at others, so calmly, gently undulating, that the cradled babe might be rocked to sleep on its bosom, and lullabied by its murmurs.

(To be continued.)

Eudoxia: a Picture of the Fifth Century.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Eudoxia was much given to a sort of external piety. Being very well and clearly instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, she could not help acknowledging that her whole way and manner of life were not in accordance with them; and so, as a convenient method of quieting the pricks of conscience on this score, she threw herself into such outward works and acts of religion as commended themselves to her taste. Lavish in all things, her alms were no exception, and she gave largely to the poor, to churches, and charitable institutions. She made a great point of all Church functions being carried out as magnificently as possible; and as the intense hatred of Theodosius to paganism was felt in an equal degree by the young Empress, she eagerly caught at every opportunity for suppressing the worship of polytheism. On the occasion of the birth of her son, she had coaxed Arcadius to give his consent to the destruction of a temple in Gaza dedicated to the Syrian idol Maruas. Such manifestations of Christian zeal greatly incensed the pagan portion of his subjects, and not long before this, a similar event at Alexandria had caused bloodshed; so that the Emperor was disinclined to risk the same consequences at Gaza. But Eudoxia planned that the Bishop of Gaza should make her baby son his intercessor in the matter; and on the day of his baptism the child, who had been already proclaimed Cæsar, was made—by the chamberlain who carried him—to bend his tiny head in token of consent when the petition was laid on his purple mantle, and Eudoxia begged the Emperor so passionately not to refuse his son's first request, that, as usual, he could not resist her entreaty. The idol temple fell, happily without any disturbance; and the Empress erected on its site a magnificent church, called, in her honour, the Basilica Eudoxiana. All this show of zeal made her the idol of the Christian population, and she always took care to excite their enthusiasm by some religious ceremony whenever she suspected

that she had made an unfortunate impression on them by some act of inconsistency.

Just now she was uneasy at what had been told her about the Patriarch's last sermon. How easy it would be for them to make the application in a way very unpleasant to her ! This made her very desirous of setting herself right with the Christian population of Constantinople. Chrysostom saw through the thin veil which covered the intense worldliness and vanity of Eudoxia's character. His situation with regard to her was very difficult ; he frequently had to speak to her plainly of the arbitrary injustice which marked too many of her actions ; often, in his sermons, he had to chastise faults and follies of which the Empress was the leader, and, at the same time, to keep up due respect for the Augusta in the minds of the people. He hoped, too, that in time she would see the frivolity and worthlessness of her present life ; and, although he was not fully convinced of the purity of her motives, yet he hailed every good impulse as the possible dawn of a real and enduring amendment. Amantius delivered the message which had been entrusted to him, adding that the Empress had for some time intended making this pilgrimage, and that he was very glad that she kept in the same mind, in spite of the frivolous atmosphere in which she lived.

"Yes, it is a great grace," said the Patriarch. "As things are, there are great allowances to be made for the Augusta, with her youth and excitable disposition."

"Did it not surprise your Holiness," asked Amantius, with some hesitation, "to hear of the complaints which some of the Ionian bishops are come to make ?"

"This is the first I have heard of it," answered Chrysostom ; "but such a step does not surprise me, knowing, as I do, that there are many, as well in the Episcopate as among the inferior clergy, opposed to me."

"Eugraphia," said Amantius, "will never cease intriguing to get her nephew, Eugenius, taken into favour."

"What bishop would dare to introduce such a priest into the sanctuary of the Lord ? Let Eugraphia intrigue as she may—that will never occur !"

"Oh, venerable father," said Amantius, sadly, "you do not know how the world loves to exalt what is mean, and to degrade what is noble."

"Barabbas was preferred to Jesus ; and that goes on, for the world is the same as then," returned the Patriarch. "But we do not read of the chief priests' receiving Barabbas into their

number. Perhaps, too, Eugraphia may be an instrument of chastisement in God's hands. Take comfort, Amantius; the chastisement may very likely be only for me."

"That is no comfort, my father, when others deserve it."

The Patriarch shrugged his shoulders with a quiet smile. "That is a very human view. But go and tell the Augusta that everything shall be arranged as she wishes."

Drypia was a town on the Bosphorus, about two hours' journey from Constantinople, and a church had just been completed there, which was intended to receive the relics of St. Thomas the Apostle; and they were to be carried there solemnly by night, to avoid the heat of the sun. Towards midnight, the Patriarch went to Sta. Sophia to receive the relics; and about the same time the Empress arrived, attended by her whole court, but without any state, and all dressed with the severest simplicity; earthly splendour was to be admitted only in order to do honour to the relics of the saint. They were placed in a rich golden casket, over which fell a veil heavy with massive embroidery. As soon as the procession began to move, Eudoxia took one corner of the veil in her hand, and thus performed the whole journey on foot. It was a glorious night; the stars glittered like diamonds, and were mirrored in the calm waters of the Bosphorus, along whose shores the long procession wound its way slowly and solemnly, the light of the myriad lamps and torches borne by the pilgrims making it look like a huge fiery serpent gliding onward, while chanted prayers and triumphant hymns alternated with pauses of intense silence. Eudoxia was especially devout; the stately function, the solemnity of the scene in which the earthly was visibly the servant of the heavenly, the glory of the night—all this touched her impassionable nature, and made her bearing recollected, and her thoughts serious. While some of her ladies were so overcome with weariness that they could hardly manage to reach Drypia, Eudoxia seemed to know no fatigue, and after a very short rest was ready to receive the Emperor, who arrived early in the morning. It had been his wish to accompany the procession, but the Empress had persuaded him to abandon the idea, as guards, halberdiers, and all the accompaniments of imperial dignity were out of character with the quietness and solemnity of a pilgrimage.

He, like Eudoxia, came without state, having, for the first time, laid aside mantle and diadem, and his body-guard bore neither lance nor shield; all to show that he approached the relics of the Apostle as an humble suppliant, and merely in-

voked his powerful intercession. Chrysostom rejoiced sincerely in the edifying example given by the imperial pair, and some expressions, of which he made use in the discourse which he delivered after Mass, filled Eudoxia with indescribable delight. He spoke of her as a second Miriam leading the armies of Israel with songs of praise, full of faith and humility. And not she only—all the assembled multitude rejoiced at this tribute to her piety. The news spread rapidly that the holy Patriarch had been saying everything that was good of their great and pious Augusta, and when she returned to Constantinople in the afternoon, with her husband, it seemed as if the acclamations which greeted her on every side would never end.

Gunilda had not been present. The Arians, with a melancholy consistency, had no faith in the supernatural life of elect souls, which is a consequence of the one great act of God's charity; so they neither believed nor understood that veneration of the saints, which is, in fact, a homage paid to the divine love and power manifested in them. Eudoxia never forced Gunilda in these matters; she might express a wish at times, but her attendant was always free to follow her own inclinations. On this occasion she hastened, with mingled respect and tenderness, to meet her mistress.

"It is something beautiful," she said, "to see a young, lovely, idolised Empress like you, great Augusta, setting such an example to all her subjects, and edifying everyone by her piety."

"What—you have heard of it, then?" asked Eudoxia, with a well-pleased smile, as she sank, tired and happy, on a couch.

"Nothing else is talked of in the palace and the city," answered Gunilda.

"That is all right—that is the very thing I want!" cried Eudoxia. "The Patriarch may say anything he likes now; it will do no harm, for people will not forget in a hurry his calling me Miriam to-day."

Gunilda looked at her with a bewildered expression. "But *that* surely was not the motive of the Augusta's devotion; for in that case there would be no devotion in the matter."

"Only God can read the heart, and see the springs of our actions," answered Eudoxia, coldly and haughtily. "An Empress and an insignificant young girl are to be judged by a different standard. The mere luxury of revelling in pious emotions is childishness. I put something higher before my eyes: to give a good example, to inspire the people with a due feeling of respect for the majesty of the throne—that is my first duty."

Gunilda was silent: she felt that there was a mixture of truth and falsehood in the sentiments of the Empress. Eudoxia was put out, and all the more difficult to please for the adoring homage she had just received. She dismissed Gunilda, and sent for more congenial companions.

In the ante-chamber, the Gothic maiden met Amantius and Hylas. "Were you, too, present at the farce of translating the relics?" she asked, contemptuously, and passed on without waiting for an answer.

"She is too beautiful to take offence at," said Hylas, "otherwise that way of hers would be past endurance; as it is, it suits her Pallas-Athene face."

"Does it strike you in that way?" asked Amantius. "For my part, I never see her or hear her speak without feeling the most intense pity."

"Well, that is something incomprehensible!" cried Hylas; "I should have said she was born under an unusually lucky star—a traitor's daughter, and the petted darling of an Empress!"

"That is not enough for her happiness."

"Exactly—that is the very reason why I call her Pallas-Athene, for I can imagine a goddess only aiming any higher! To an ordinary mortal, like myself, unaccustomed to the pleasures of Olympus, Gunilda seems a very fortunate individual. Look, by way of contrast, at that poor Sylvina, the daughter of our friend Rufinus, another traitor! she just drags on a dreary existence in that lively spot, Jerusalem, with pilgrims and monks for her only companions, psalms and hymns for her only recreation: *she* is to be pitied, poor creature—but Gunilda!——"

"I should say *she* was happier, and more at rest, than Gunilda," returned Amantius.

"Then they are both ladies of very singular taste! but then it is the privilege of their sex to be capricious. We have just been sacrificed to a lady's whim. Imagine dragging us out there!"

"Why did you go? The Augusta laid commands on no one to join the procession."

"No; but when the whole court, and everybody who stands well with the court, went, I could only stay away at the risk of passing for an Arian, or some sort of heretic: a character abhorred by the Augusta—always excepting the fair Goth."

"She abhors heresy in her, too," answered Amantius; "but she has patience with her, and hope of her conversion."

"There are three great virtues at once!" laughed Hylas; "and therefore we had better say no more about whims and caprice—

eh, my good Amantius? But just tell me : do you suppose this procession will cause a lasting peace? In that case, I shall be reconciled to my sacrifice."

"My dear Hylas, what *is* lasting in this world? We can only hope and pray."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HATRED OF THE WORLD.

Of all Chrysostom's enemies the bitterest, perhaps, was Eudoxia, a lady very high in the Empress's favour. From the very first, she had been prejudiced against him. Nectarius, his predecessor in the metropolitan see, had been her relation and intimate friend : he was a brilliant though virtuous man of the world, not quite capable either of appreciating or fulfilling all the duties of his sacred office : his election was a mistake of the great Theodosius, who was more at home in the choice of generals than of bishops. The deterioration of the clergy during the seventeen years' rule of Nectarius was only what might have been expected. Ambition, avarice, self-indulgence, neglect of duty, were considered no disgrace : interest and money were the means of attaining preferment.

Eudoxia had no children, and her whole affections were centred on a nephew whom she literally idolised, and whom she intended to be the inheritor of her large fortune. She shrank from the thought of Eugenius' entering the army, and risking his life in a campaign against the barbarians. There was no cause for her alarm. The effeminate weak nurture which she had given him effectually prevented the development of any warlike tastes, and he yielded willingly enough to her wish that he should enter the priesthood, in order, as she in her ambitious dreams hoped, to be one day or other, the successor, though hardly the immediate successor, of his uncle Nectarius. Naturally, Eudoxia was violently opposed to the election of Chrysostom. The man whom, before all others, she desired to see chosen as the successor of her friend was Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria, and she formed a powerful cabal to bring this about. But Eutropius was then in the zenith of his power, and he had taken it into his head to please the people in a way that would cost him nothing, by procuring the election of the holy priest of Antioch whose virtues were

always in their mouths. Thenceforth Eudoxia treated Chrysostom as a creature of the detested favourite. It was not long before events occurred which inflamed her hatred still more. Eugenius was now a priest: but his manner of life was unchanged. Chrysostom, who was full of pity and indulgence for young men who had been so unfortunate as to have received holy orders in a time of relaxed discipline, spoke to Eugenius with flattering kindness, and sought by all means in his power to influence him for good: but, when all his remonstrances proved ineffectual, he told him very plainly, that the exercise of sacerdotal functions by a priest of his sentiments and morals would be no less than sacrilege. Eugenius replied insolently that he really set very little value on such functions, that his object had always been the Episcopal dignity, and that as soon as there was a vacant see, he had little doubt of obtaining it. Very sorrowfully and very decidedly Chrysostom replied that this would never happen within the circle of his authority, and Eugenius and his aunt considered this in the light of a deadly insult. One day, the Patriarch met her in the ante-chamber of the Empress. He greeted her courteously, and begged her to use all her influence with her nephew to induce him to change his life: he might very likely pay more attention to her entreaties than to his: and before parting from her he expressed the hope that the noble Eudoxia would give him the powerful help of her example in checking the growing extravagance and impropriety of dress among the ladies of Constantinople.

If the Patriarch had thought to gratify her by hinting that she gave the tone to fashionable society, he certainly failed in his object: she was extremely offended at his presuming to offer his advice, and replied coldly that she did not feel called upon to undertake the part he suggested. It was not towards the inferior clergy only that Chrysostom exercised, when necessary, a salutary severity. During a visitation which he was making in Ionia, such bitter complaints were made to him of the oppression and injustice of certain bishops who had obtained their sees by simony, that he investigated the matter, and the result was the suspension of the bishops. This, again brought fresh enemies upon him.

Every one knew who really ruled the Empire of the East, and that the first step to success in any enterprise was to gain the support of the Augusta. Still, on one point she had always firmly defended the Patriarch, namely, his manner of dealing with the clergy. No matter how loud the outcry was against

him : no matter how bitterly Marsa and Eugraphia complained—Eudoxia stood firm. She was too clever not to see that an irregular priesthood would bring religion into contempt in the eyes of the people : and that respect for the throne would not outlive reverence for the Church.

The Patriarch requested an audience : Eudoxia never doubted that its object was to thank her for the part she had taken in the pilgrimage, and she received him with her most winning grace, expressing her pleasure that his health had not suffered from the exertions of the day.

"God gives strength to do what is for His honour," answered Chrysostom : "and you know He asks harder things of us than bodily exertion."

"I quite agree with your Holiness : the fulfilment of high duties, the undertaking of great responsibility is far, far harder."

"And it is just one of those hard duties," replied the Patriarch, "which brings me now to the illustrious Augusta."

"How can that be, venerable Father?" she said graciously : "you may be quite sure that I am only too glad to meet your pious wishes."

"Those kind words are a great consolation, most noble lady : for I come to appeal to your justice on behalf of a greatly injured man."

"Let me thank your Holiness beforehand for doing so : for what purpose are there earthly rulers, except to do justice and to show mercy?"

"Lady, my heart blesses you for those words : let me lay the case briefly before you. The tribune Nicator is accused by the Proconsul of Cilicia of a treasonable correspondence with the robber hordes of the Isaurians. He is said to have promised them, in return for a vast bribe, to leave the mountain passes of Cilicia undefended. Upon this charge—unproved and uninvestigated—Nicator has been deprived of his office, imprisoned, his property confiscated ; and now, though innocent, he is threatened with banishment."

"You have been wrongly informed, venerable Father," Eudoxia interrupted, with ill-repressed anger. "Nicator's case has been inquired into, and he has been found guilty."

"Inquired into by his accusers ! found guilty by his accusers ! and I will add, robbed by his accusers. That, most illustrious Augusta, is the true statement of Nicator's case," said the Patriarch quietly and firmly.

"Again, venerable Father, you are wrongly informed !" cried

Eudoxia, with offended pride. "It was not the Proconsul of Cilicia who confiscated the property of this Nicator; it was I who did it. I did it—I the Augusta! and it belongs simply to the imperial treasury."

"Judging from the report of the Proconsul," returned Chrysostom, with gentle dignity, "the Augusta could not perhaps have acted differently. But justice demands that the proceedings of the Proconsul be investigated—and not justice alone, but the name of our Empress, on which not the slightest stain must be allowed to rest."

An angry flush kindled in Eudoxia's cheek, and was then succeeded by the paleness of great excitement: "Your Holiness suffers your pious zeal to carry you too far," she said with suppressed indignation; "my name is above all disgrace."

"And therefore, illustrious Augusta, no one must have it in his power to say that the hand of the Empress has taken the property of an innocent man."

"He is not innocent! how often must I repeat it?" she broke out passionately. "The matter has been inquired into, and decided; the property of the offender has become mine. I must confess that I cannot understand your Holiness. I do not believe that any Empress was ever more anxious than I am to promote the pious objects of the Church. Have not vast sums been spent on beautifying the Basilica Eudoxiana, which I raised on the ruins of the idol temple? It was my thought to make the temple that enshrines the tabernacle of the true God more splendid and costly than a heathen temple ever was."

"A thought worthy of an Empress!" said Chrysostom, kindly.

"And that," she went on with increasing excitement, "is only *one* work. I maintain numbers of churches, and I have never refused a single request for this object. More than this, I give without stint to everything that may help in any way to promote the devotion of the people. Would the Saturday evening processions be what they are if I did not give the candles and the crucifixes for them? Your Holiness compels me to recall to your mind all these different works, from the least to the greatest, and then to ask whether it is possible to carry them on without a great expenditure? I should have thought that your Holiness would rejoice at large sums passing into my hands, considering the use I make of them."

"I acknowledge, with joy and gratitude, all the labours of the noble Augusta for the glory of our holy faith," answered the Patriarch; "and my prayers are daily offered to God, that He

may, in His infinite mercy, requite you a thousandfold. But it cannot be pleasing to Him that generosity and mercy should be exercised at the expense of justice. Nicator's guilt rests on the mere word of the Proconsul of Cilicia—the brother of the noble Marsa, who, as everyone knows, enjoys the Augusta's entire confidence. How naturally a suspicion of partiality may arise here; and how important it is to show that such a suspicion is unfounded! An act of justice is just as edifying to a Christian nation as an act of mercy, perhaps more so in the way of inspiring confidence in its rulers; for justice is a virtue which benefits all—to which all have a claim: therefore, illustrious Empress, let justice be shewn by a fair investigation of Nicator's cause; and do not shrink from restoring the money, if his innocence is proved."

"It seems to me, venerable Father," said Eudoxia, white with passion, "that, in addressing such reproaches to the Empress, your expressions are not far from treasonable, as they assume a secret understanding on my part with false witnesses. I request you, therefore, to retire, and I repeat that Nicator's cause is settled."

Silently the Patriarch withdrew, and Eudoxia was left in terrible agitation. "This is the gratitude of the haughty priest for all my sacrifices—all my good works!" she said, as she walked restlessly up and down the room, pausing every now and then to reflect. "To dare to pry into my purse! to defend a condemned criminal! to cast suspicion on persons whom I trust! And all for love of power: such a low motive—above all, in a priest! Now I begin to understand the bitter complaints made of him by the clergy. If he looks into my conduct, how must he watch every step and movement of theirs, and drag every action to the bar of his judgment! I pity them. Eugraphia has reason for her hatred—Eugenius has reason for his bitter complaints; for he is utterly one sided, and lets himself be led blindfold by flatteries. And then there are those Ionian bishops, whom he has suspended, and whose remonstrances I would not listen to in my mistaken reliance on his wisdom and justice! Oh, they were right, and I did them grievous wrong! But all that shall be atoned: it is *his* cause that shall be investigated. He is fond of inquiring into things—this Patriarch—so I hope it may be welcome to him in his own case; but, welcome or not, it shall be done!"

The Conversion of the Visiting Justices.

OUR readers have more than once been reminded of the strange pranks played—not in the remote and less enlightened districts of the country, where prejudice and bigotry are supposed to guard their last strongholds by the aid of portly squires and the civic magnates of what the present Premier has irreverently spoken of as “twopenny-halfpenny boroughs”—but in the full civilisation and liberality of the metropolitan city, which has Mr. Mill himself for its representative, and by the Committee of Visiting Justices under whose care the regulations of the county House of Correction are carried out. The eccentricities, of which we have lately heard the most, consisted chiefly in a very tyrannical method of dealing with the Catholic inmates of the prison in Tothill Fields in regard to everything relating to their religion. Not only were the services of the hardworking priests who in succession had devoted themselves to assisting in every way in their power these unfortunate souls—who were often confined for crimes of very trivial moral importance, and sometimes for the natural results and simple instincts of poverty)—entirely unrequited, but every possible obstruction met them in the execution of their work of mercy. They were not allowed to collect the prisoners for purposes of instruction, and thus it has happened that a priest, whose not very robust health might have allowed him without risk to address a small audience on the necessary truths of their religion, has been worn out, and obliged to give up his work, by the simple hardship of having to repeat the same lesson hour after hour to a succession of persons who might all have been gathered into a room of moderate size. Then, again, there was a most absurd rigidity about books which the priest

might wish to lend or give, for spiritual purposes, to the Catholic prisoners. One eminent and most devoted priest was cashiered because he had lent a common Catechism, practically identical with a summary of doctrine which the magistrates had sanctioned. Again, the very day of days, the best hope both of the prisoners and of the good friend so interested in their amendment and comfort, was made a blank to both by the prison regulations. Whatever the priest might do on a week-day, he must not expect to do anything on a Sunday; and though the prisoner might, if she chose to ask, see the priest during the week, her cold cell was locked up on the Sunday—unless, indeed, she chose to join in the comparative cheerfulness of the Protestant service. No celebration of Catholic worship was permitted within the walls of the House of Correction; and when application after application was made to the authorities for some relaxation in this Spartan rule, they defended the most impolitic cruelty which they were practising upon so many poor Catholic women by denying that they had the legal power to put them on a level in this respect with their Protestant sisters in misfortune. It cannot, unhappily, be denied that all this intolerance was deliberate. The question was more than once brought before the magistrates in general at their meetings; inflammatory Protestant harangues were delivered, and the majority of the gentlemen present were willing to follow the lead of the stump orator who declared that it was doing God service to prevent Catholics from worshipping Him according to their own religion.

It may, perhaps, be considered as an omen of no slight importance of what may be hoped from the awakening of men's minds generally throughout the country to the iniquities of which Protestant intolerance has been habitually guilty, that a change has, at last, come over these Middlesex magistrates. There is no knowing now what level of common sense and justice may not be obtained: we may have Mr. Newdegate himself bringing in a bill for the punishment of the spreading of slanderous reports against convents and other religious institutions! The

deliberate and cautious manner in which the change has been made may perhaps be thought to enhance the value of the concessions themselves. It is clear that no rash impetuosity of liberality—such as might be supposed likely to ebb again as fast as it has flowed—has influenced the respectable Board of which we are speaking. The Board is composed of “honourable men,” who in private life would no doubt shrink from hardship or unkindness to any of their fellow creatures. *Il était très aimable dans la société, M. de Robespierre,*” was the remark with which an old French gentleman, who had lived through the “Reign of Terror,” used to qualify his account of the peremptoriness with which the *citoyen* Maximilian used to send any one who crossed him to the guillotine. It has cost some time and suffering, at least to others, for the private amiability of the Visiting Justices to penetrate their public action in relation to the poor Irish women imprisoned in the House of Correction. The change has at last come, and is all the more likely to be permanent on account of the slowness of the process of conversion.

The law, of course, remains as it did before, and it may be important for those who have the cause of the poor prisoners at heart not to forget that the Bill under which the concessions of which we speak have been made is still only permissive. The magistrates, some months ago, avowed their belief that they had no power to allow of the assembling of Catholic prisoners either for instruction or worship. They have since come to think that the law allows both, and that it would be, in reality, against the whole spirit of recent legislation on the subject to forbid either. There was, moreover, within the limits of the metropolis, a patent instance of that very practice which they themselves had declared illegal: for, at the House of Correction at Coldbath Fields, the Catholic Chaplain was allowed those privileges which his compeer at Tothill Fields asked for in vain. From whatever cause, the first concession made took the practice of Coldbath Fields as its model so completely, that the Chaplain at Westminster was only allowed to assemble the same number of prisoners at once as had already been assembled at

the other prison. Gradually, and after repeated refusals, a place was granted for Catholic worship on Sundays, and the ridiculous limitation as to numbers was abandoned. At the time at which we write, there are still some notable and vexatious obstacles opposed to full liberty of worship. The inmates of the Westminster House of Correction are all women, and as such, are of course incapacitated from ministering as servers at Mass. Yet the Chaplain's request that he might have a server was refused, and on the first occasion when Mass was celebrated—Easter Sunday—a magistrate of the county, who, as such, could not be denied admission into the prison, was obliged himself to go and serve the Mass. In the same way, the Chaplain was anxious to provide some sort of music for the embellishment of the service: he procured a harmonium at his own expense, and a lady kindly volunteered to play it. But she was refused permission to enter the prison for such a purpose. It may be added that the magistrates have lately gone to considerable expense to provide one of the Protestant prison-chapels with an organ. It is impossible to say, without more acquaintance with the prison regulations than we possess, whether there may not be some rule against the general admission of visitors which may be quoted as the ground for these instances of obstructiveness: but it is hard to suppose that the law is so stringent that the magistrates "have no power" to allow a server for the Priest's Mass and a player for his musical instrument. Is it too much to hope that the consciences of the Visiting Justices may gradually be enlightened on these points also, and that the poor Irishwomen may be allowed their Mass without the absolute necessity of a magistrate of the county to serve it, and that their simple efforts at hymnody during the Holy Sacrifice may be allowed the sustaining and enlivening aid of instrumental music without detriment to the British Constitution?

Matters of this sort have their ludicrous as well as their serious aspect, and, in conclusion to this short paper, we may be allowed to say a few words on each. The ludicrous side of the business has been cleverly and good humouredly hit off in a little publication with which

many of our readers are by this time, no doubt, familiar, in which the pencil of our most thoroughly comical artist has been called into play to illustrate some verses and a dialogue which, we will venture to say, contain the whole pith of the matter in question. Those who laughed so heartily some years ago at the "*Manners and Customs of ye Englishe*," will be glad to see that the spring of fun and playful satire which amused them so much is not dried up. The sketch which represents the "*Manners and Customs of ye Visiting Justices*" is quite equal to any in the former series. The chairman and his associate magistrates, with the portly matron behind them supplying them with tea, the secretary, the turnkey, the porter—all look as if drawn from the life. Unfortunately, the figure of the workworn Priest who had devoted so many hours to the toilsome instruction, one by one, of the inmates of the House of Correction, who could get no leave to assemble them or to say Mass for them, is no fiction of the draughtsman's fancy—nor, as we have said, is the incident on which the latter part of this amusing little *brochure* is founded, the dismissal of the Chaplain for having given or lent a catechism to a poor prisoner, an imagination in any of its details. We may hope that, in the amiability of their private existence, the Visiting Magistrates may find a smile for Mr. Doyle's graphic sketches, and for the dialogue which accompanies them; but the smile will hardly last long if they are capable of remembering or appreciating the mischief which they may have done to the souls of "Biddy" and her companions by what they have now practically acknowledged to have been an unnecessary and bigoted use of the very ample powers conceded to them by the law.

On the serious aspect of these matters we need only at present say a very few words. The Middlesex Magistrates act even more in the full light of public notice and comment than their brothers of the squirearchy in the provinces of England. They may be assured that at a crisis like the present, when the tie between Ireland and England is being strained to the utmost, and when every act of those who are in any sort of power or respon-

sibility towards the Irish in England is jealously scanned and estimated as an indication of the real purpose of the people of this country as to remedial measures for the sister-isle, their concession has not come a moment too soon. The Irish people need above all things to be persuaded that professions of justice are not intended to remain *mere* professions, and that equitable legislation is not meant to be evaded by the quibblings of narrow-minded administrators. They know that the uncentralizing spirit of our Constitution leaves almost entirely in private hands the practical working of a great part of our social and political machinery, and they are not to be blamed if they are disposed to attribute to the nation at large the intolerance and cruelty under which those of their own race and faith have suffered so grievously. Hitherto, rightly or wrongly, they have looked with feelings of suspicion and dislike on the Government: it will be still worse if further reason is given them for entertaining the same sentiments as to the nation as a whole. And, again, whatever opinions may be entertained as to the value of that feature of our system which consists in the very large use of local administration, and the comparative inaction of the central government, on so many points which in other countries belong entirely to the Executive, it cannot be doubted but at present this part of our Constitution is in many respects on its trial. Theorists as to political matters have long since condemned it, and no one can tell how it may stand when the possibly rough and sweeping criticism of a Parliament elected by operatives comes to call its efficiency to the test. We are not calling out for the destruction of all such Boards as that of which we are speaking, but it cannot be denied that the conduct of the Westminster Justices has been such as to justify a demand that matters of religious equity should no longer be left to their discretion. Those who look upon the prisoner with the eyes of charity must wish for him at least ordinary opportunities of reforming himself, after a course, not necessarily long, of perhaps almost involuntary and very excusable "crime"—in the legal sense of the word—by the only power that can truly heal

his soul, the power of his religion. It is certain, and it is now confessed, that the legislature of England never meant that he should be debarred from this one and invaluable privilege, this single hope on which his future, in this world and in the next, depends. But it is certain also, and it is also confessed, that the intentions of the legislature have been for a long time practically defeated in the case before us, and in others not unlike it. Who can say that the conclusion is unfair, if it be said that you may safely trust a committee of English gentlemen with a great many other important matters of government and administration, but that you cannot leave to them, without the risk of finding your confidence abused, the execution of measures which involve charity to Catholic misfortune, and justice to Catholic poverty?

[As these lines are passing through the press, we are informed that it is the habit at Tothill Fields to allow certain ladies frequently to visit the prison. We fear therefore that the refusal, mentioned in p. 498, to permit a lady to play the harmonium for the Catholic service must be considered as a piece of petty obstructiveness, not necessitated by any regulations.]

A Narrative of the Days of Persecution.

PART IV.

OUR last extract from Father Gerard's Journal gave an account of the failure of the pursuivants and searchers to find him in the house in which he was concealed. He tells us that on emerging from his hiding-place, he was seen by the unsuspected traitor among the servants of his friend. This led to his capture not long after, though still without any compromising of his hostess :

As soon as I had taken a little refreshment and rest, I set out and went to a friend's house, where I kept still for a fortnight. Then knowing that I had left my friends in great distress, I proceeded to London to aid and comfort them. I got a safe lodging with a person of rank.* A year ago it had been Fr. Southwell's abode, before his seizure and imprisonment in the Tower of London, where he now was. I wanted however to hire a house where I might be safe and unknown, and be free to treat with my friends ; for I could not manage my business in a house that was not my own, especially in such a one as I then dwelt in. I had recourse to a servant of Fr. Garnet, named Little John,† an excellent man, and one well able to help me. He it was that used to make our hiding-places ; in fact he made the one to which I owed my safety. Thanks to his endeavours I found a house well suited for my purpose. The next thing was to agree with the landlord about the rent, a matter which was soon settled. Till the house was furnished, I hired a room in my landlord's own house. There I resolved to pass two or three nights in arranging my affairs, getting letters from my friends in distress, and writing back letters of comfort in return. Thus it was that the traitor got sent to this place, which was only known to a small circle of friends. It was God's will that my hour should then come.

* This was the unfortunate Countess of Arundel, whose husband Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was at this time (1594) in the tenth year of his imprisonment in the Tower. He died the following year in the same prison, the noblest victim to the jealous and suspicious tyranny of Elizabeth, *non sine veneni suspitione*, as his epitaph still testifies.

† This holy martyr's true name was John Owen. Fr. Gerard speaks at length about him farther on. In those times every Priest and Priest's servant had a *soubriquet* or *alias*, to baffle the persecutors. Fr. Gerard has already mentioned two of his own : he also very commonly went by the name of Thomson ; and it is under this name that he is spoken of by Tanner.

One night the traitor had to bring a letter that needed an answer, and left with the answer about ten o'clock. I had only come in about nine, sore against the will of the lady, my entertainer, who was uncommonly earnest that I should not leave her house that night. Away went the traitor then, and gave information to the priest-hunters both when and where he had left me. They got together a band, and came at midnight to the house, just as I had gone to sleep. Little John and I were both awakened by the noise outside. I guessed what it was, and told John to hide the letter received that night in the ashes where the fire had been. No sooner had he done so and got into bed again, than the noise which we had heard before seemed to travel up to our room. Then some men began knocking at the chamber-door, ready to break it in, if was not opened at once. There was no exit except by the door where our foes were ; so I bade John get up and open the door. The room was at once filled with men, armed with swords and staves ; and many more stood outside, who were not able to enter. Among the rest stood two pursuivants, one of whom knew me well, so there was no chance of my passing unknown.

I got up and dressed, as I was bid. All my effects were searched, but without a single thing being found that could do harm to any man. My companion and I were then taken off to prison. By God's grace we did not feel distressed, nor did we show any token of fear. What I was most afraid of was, that they had seen me come out of that lady's house, and had tracked me to the room that I had hired ; so that the noble family that had harboured me would suffer on my account. But this fear was unfounded ; for I learnt afterwards that the traitor had simply told them where he had left me, and there it was that they found me.

The pursuivant who knew me, kept me in his house two nights ; either because those who were to examine were hindered from doing so on the first day, or (as it struck me afterwards) because they wished first to examine my companion, Little John. I noticed the first night, that the room where I was locked up was not far from the ground ; and that it would be easy to let myself down from the window, by tearing up the bed-clothes and making a rope of them. I should have done so that very night, had I not heard some one stirring in the next room. I thought that he was put there to watch me, and so it turned out. However I meant to carry my plan out the night after, if the watchman went away ; but my keeper forestalled me ; far to save the expense of a guard, he put irons on my arms, which hindered me both from bringing my hands together and from separating them. Then in truth I was more at ease in mind though less in body ; for the thought of escape vanished, and there came in its place a feeling of joy that I had been vouchsafed this suffering for the sake of Christ, and I thanked the Lord for it as well as I could.

Next day I was brought before the Commissioners,* at the head of whom was one who is now Lord Chancellor of the realm. He had been a Catholic, but went over to the other side, for he loved the things of this world.

They first asked me my name and calling. I gave them the name I passed by; whereupon one called me by my true name and said that I was a Jesuit. As I was aware that the pursuivant knew me, I answered that I would be frank and open in everything that belonged to myself, but would say nothing that could affect others. So I told them my name and calling, to wit that, though most unworthy, I was a Priest of the Society of Jesus.

"Who sent you into England?" they asked.

"The Superiors of the Society."

"To what end?"

"To bring back stray souls to their Creator."

"No, no:" said they, "you were sent for matters of State: and to lure people from the obedience of the Queen to the obedience of the Pope."

"As for matters of State," I replied, "we are forbidden to have anything to say to them, as they do not belong to our Institute. This prohibition indeed extends to all the members of the Society; but on us missionaries it is particularly enjoined in a special instruction. As for the obedience due to the Queen and the Pope, each is to be obeyed in that wherein they have jurisdiction; and one obedience does not clash with the other, as England and all Christian realms have hitherto experienced."

"How long have you been doing duty as a Priest in this country?"

"About six years."

"How and where did you land, and where have you lived since your landing?"

"I cannot in conscience answer any of these questions," I replied, "especially the last, as it would bring mischief on others; so I crave pardon for not satisfying your wishes."

"Nay," said they, "it is just on these heads that we chiefly desire you to satisfy us, and we bid you in the Queen's name to do so."

"I honour the Queen," said I, "and will obey her and you in all that is lawful, but here you must hold me excused: for were I to mention any persons or place where I have been lodged, the innocent would have to suffer, according to your laws, for the kind

* *Honorarios arbitros seu examinatores.*—*MS.* The rendering is conjectural. Perhaps the words are intended to signify some members of the Privy Council. Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere, was Attorney General at this date, 1594, and later on became Chancellor, in which office Bacon succeeded him in 1608. It is not very easy to see whom else Fr. Gerard can allude to as presiding at his examination, although Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, says nothing of Egerton's having been a Catholic.

service they have done me. Such behaviour on my part would be against all justice and charity, and therefore I never will be guilty of it."

"You shall do so by force, if not by good will."

"I hope," I said, "by the grace of God, it shall not be as you say. I beg you therefore to take this my answer; that neither now nor at any time will I disclose what you demand of me."

Thereupon they wrote a warrant for my imprisonment, and gave it to the pursuivants, bidding them take me to prison. As we were leaving, he who is now Chancellor said that I must be kept in close confinement, as in cases of high treason: "But tell the gaolers," he added, "to treat him well on account of his birth."

It seems however that the head gaoler gave orders at variance with this humane recommendation: for I was lodged in a garret* where there was nothing but a bed, and no room to stand up straight, except just where the bed was. There was one window always open, through which foul air entered and rain fell on to my bed. The room door was so low, that I had to enter not on my feet, but on my knees, and even then I was forced to stoop. However I reckoned this an advantage, inasmuch as it helped to keep out the stench (certainly no small one) that came from the place close to my door, which was used by all the prisoners in that part of the house. I was often kept awake, or woke up, by the bad smell.

In this place I passed two or three days of true repose. I felt no pain or anxiety of mind, and enjoyed, by the blessing of God, that peace which the world does not and cannot give.

On the third or fourth day, I was taken for a second examination to the house of a magistrate called Yonge. He it was who had the management of all the searches and persecutions that the Catholics in the neighbourhood of London had to endure; and it was to him that the traitor had given his information. Along with him was another, who had for many years conducted the examinations by torture, Topcliffe by name. He was a man of cruelty, athirst for the blood of the Catholics, and so crafty and cunning, that all the wily wit of his companion seemed abashed into silence by his presence; in fact the justice spoke very little during the whole examination. I found the two of them alone; Yonge in a civilian's dress, Topcliffe with a sword by his side and in a court dress.† He was an old man, grown grey in wickedness. Yonge began questioning me as to my place of abode, and the Catholics that I knew. I answered that I neither could nor would make disclosures that would get any one into trouble, for reasons already

* Fr Gerard was first confined in the Counter, as he tells us later. Fr. Garnet in one of his letters speaks of the Counter as "a very evil prison and without comfort."

† This brutal officer was a Queen's messenger, or pursuivant, as they were sometimes called.

stated. He turned then to Topcliffe and said : " I told you how you would find him."

Topcliffe looked frowningly at me and said :

" Do you know me ? I am Topcliffe, of whom I doubt not you have often heard."

He meant this to frighten me. To heighten the effect, he had laid his sword on the table near his hand, as though he were ready to use it on occasion. But he failed certainly, and caused me not the least alarm ; and whereas I was wont to answer with deference on other occasions, this time I did quite the contrary, because I saw him making a show to scare me. Finding that he could get no other manner of reply from me than what I had given, he took a pen and wrote an artful and malicious form of examination.

" Here," says he, " read this paper ; I shall show it to the Privy Council, that they may see what a traitor you are to the realm, and how manifestly guilty."

The contents of the paper were as follows :

" The examinee was sent by the Pope and the Jesuit Persons, and coming through Belgium there had interviews with the Jesuit Holt and Mr. William Stanley : thence he came into England, on a political errand, to beguile the Queen's subjects, and lure them from their obedience to their Sovereign. If therefore he will not disclose the place and persons with whom he has lived, it is presumed that he has done much mischief to the State, &c."

On reading this, I saw that I could not meet so many falsehoods with one single denial ; and as I was desirous that he should show my way of answering to the Council, I said that I also wished to answer in writing. Hereat Topcliffe was overjoyed, and cried out, " Oh ! now you are a reasonable man:" but he was disappointed. He had hoped to catch me in my words, or at least to find out my hand-writing, so that some of the papers found in the houses of the Catholics might be proved to be mine. I foresaw this, and therefore wrote in a feigned hand as follows :

" I was sent by my Superiors. I never was in Belgium ; I have not seen Fr. Holt since the time that I left Rome. I have not seen Mr. Stanley since he left England with the Earl of Leicester. I am forbidden to meddle with matters of State ; I never have done, and never will do so. I have tried to bring back souls to the knowledge and love of their Creator, and to make them show obedience to the laws of God and man ; and I hold this last point to be a matter of conscience. I humbly crave that my refusal to answer anything concerning the persons that I know, may not be set down to contempt of authority ; seeing that God's commandment forces me to follow this course, and to act otherwise would be against charity and justice."

While I was writing this, the old man waxed wroth. He shook with passion, and would fain have snatched the paper from me.

" If you don't want me to write the truth," said I, " I'll not write at all."

"Nay," quoth he, "write so and so, and I'll copy out what you have written."

"I shall write what I please," I answered, "and not what you please. Show what I have written to the Council, for I shall add nothing but my name."

This I signed so near the writing that nothing could be put in between. The hot-tempered man, seeing himself disappointed, broke out into threats and blasphemies:

"I'll get you put into my power, and hang you in the air, and show you no mercy; and then I shall see what God will rescue you out of my hands."

From the abundance of his heart he poured forth these evil words; but by this he raised my hopes, just the opposite effect to what he wanted.* Neither then nor since have I reckoned aught of a blasphemer; and in sooth I have found by experience that God increases the confidence of his servants, when he allows strife to rise up against them. I gave therefore this short answer:

"You will be able to do nothing, without the leave of God, Who never abandons those that hope in Him. The will of God be done."

Thereupon Yonge called the gaoler who had brought me, to take me back to prison. As he was leading me off, Topcliffe addressed him and bade him put irons on my legs. Both then fell a-chiding him for having brought me by himself, fearing perchance lest I should escape from his hands.

When I had crept back to my little closet, my legs were garished according to order. The man seemed grieved that put the fetters on. For my part instead of grief I felt very much joy, such is God's goodness to the most unworthy of His creatures. To pay the man for the kind turn that he had done me, I gave him some money for his job; and told him it was no punishment to suffer in so good a cause.

Father Gerard speaks most affectionately of the general goodness and faithfulness of his servants. We subjoin his account of them, as well as that of another of his examinations:

Here I stayed upwards of three months. During the first month I made from memory, as well as I could, the Spiritual Exercises; giving four and sometimes five hours a day to meditation. God lavished His goodness on me throughout, and I had proof

* Even the gentle Fr. Southwell could not but show his estimate of this reprobate man. We translate the following from Fr. More's *History of the English Province*: Lib. V. n. 15.—"Though he readily answered the questions of others, yet if Topcliffe interposed, he never deigned him a reply: and when asked the cause of this, he answered: 'Because I have found by experience that the man is not open to reason.'"

that He opens His bounteous hand to His servants most of all, when He has closed up the sources of earthly comfort to them.

While I quietly lodged in prison, without being brought out or undergoing any further examination for many days, they examined and put to the torture Richard Fulwood, whom the traitor had pointed out as my servant, and Little John, who had been taken with me. Unable, either by coaxing or bribery, to draw anything from them that would compromise others, they had recourse to threats and then to force : but the strength of the Holy Ghost in them was too great to be overcome by men. They were both hung up for three hours together, having their arms fixed into iron rings, and their bodies hanging in the air ; a torture which causes frightful pain and intolerable extension of the sinews. It was all to no purpose ; no disclosure could be wrested from them that was hurtful to others ; no rewards could entice, no threats or punishments force them to discover where I or any of Ours had been harboured, or to name any of our acquaintance or abettors.

Here I ought not to pass over in silence God's great goodness and mercy to me, the most unworthy of all His servants. It was shown in this, that there was not a single traitor either among those that were then seized in my house or in the house of the good gentleman, my entertainer, no, nor even among those that in the persecutions which by God's providence afterwards befel me, were imprisoned, tortured, and treated with the utmost cruelty. Not one of them, I say, ever yielded, but all by the grace of God held steadfast through everything. Those whom I used as companions, or the servants I entrusted with commissions to the gentlemen of my acquaintance, as they necessarily knew all my friends, would have been able to do very great mischief, and enrich themselves by ruining others : yet no one of them ever caused any harm either by word or deed, wittingly or unwittingly ; nor, as far as I remember, did they ever give any one matter of complaint. On many of them God, in His goodness, poured the choicest gifts of His Holy Spirit.

John Lasnet,* the first that I had, died a Lay-brother of the Society. The second that I had for some little while, was Michael Walpole, who is now a priest of the Society and labouring in England. The third was named Lilly.† He had a vocation, so I sent him to the Society to study in the seminary at Rhemes, where he went through his course of philosophy. His behaviour there was orderly, but afterwards at Rome he joined a turbulent party, thus returning evil for good. He was the only one of my helpmates that walked at all awry. He was however made priest, and sent into England. There he was seized, and condemned to

* Dr. Oliver in his *Collectanea* quotes this name as Lamet, though he refers to this passage. We have no means of deciding which is right.

† The MS. has *Lillus*. We have not been able to identify this person. He has evidently nothing to do with the John Lilly, mentioned a little later.

death for the faith, and answered unflinchingly before the tribunal; but instead of losing his life, he was kept some time in prison: whence he effected his escape and is still labouring in England.

After him I had a godly man of the name of John Sutton, the brother of three priests, one of whom was a martyr, and another died in the Society. Fr. Garnet kept him in his house for many years, up to the time of his own arrest.

The next that I had was Richard Fulwood, of whom I have spoken above. He managed to make his escape, and during my imprisonment was employed by Fr. Garnet until that father's happy death. He managed nearly all his master's business with strangers, not without the knowledge of the persecutors, who offered a handsome sum for his capture, and were still more earnest about it after Fr. Garnet was taken. In fact they gave the poor man no peace until they drove him into banishment, where he yet remains, doing good service to our mission notwithstanding.*

After him I had John Lilly, a man well known at Rome; he died lately in England, a Lay-brother of the Society. Next came two other godly men, whom I did not take to keep, but merely as make-shifts, till I could get a man every way suited to my wants, and endowed with a religious spirit. I found one at length; and when I quitted England I took him with me, and left him at St. Omer's. There he was well grounded in Greek and Latin, and became a great favourite with all the fathers, who sent him into Spain with the highest recommendations. He still remains there, growing always in virtue and learning. Not long ago I had a letter from the Father Prefect of studies, in which he tells me that he is the best student in his course.

Such were the mercies of God vouchsafed to me his unworthy servant, in answer to my constant prayers. Many gentlemen entrust themselves and their interest to our servants' good faith no less than to ours: so that there could be no greater hindrance to our good work, than any treachery on their part: indeed the defection of such a one would be likely to cause the most frightful ruin among Catholics. For if one servant, and he neither a Catholic nor one of the household, like the traitor of whom I have spoken, made such havoc in his master's family, what mischief could a priest's servant do to the many persons of high rank, that had harboured him and his master! God has hitherto kept me free from the like betrayal.

To return to my story. They could wrest nothing out of Little John and Fulwood; and none of my host's Catholic servants would make any avowal, or own that he knew me. Seeing that they could bring no witness against him, the heretics gradually lost the hope they had of seizing all his chattels and revenue.

Sometimes they would bring me up for examination when they had anything new against me. Once they called me to try on a suit

* Dr. Oliver mentions him as a Lay-brother of the Society.

of clothes, which had been found in my host's house, and which the traitor said were mine. I put them on and they were just a fit, for the truth was that they had been made for me; however I would not own them, nor admit them to be mine. Hereupon Yonge flew into a passion, calling me a headstrong and unreasonable man. He was so barefaced as to add:

"How much more sensible is Southwell, who after long wilfulness is now ready to conform, and wishes to treat with some man of learning."

"Nay," I answered, "I will never believe that Fr. Southwell wishes to treat with any one from any wavering in his faith, or to learn what to believe from a heretic; but he might perchance challenge any heretic to dispute with him that dared, as Fr. Campian did, and as many others would do if you would let them, and appoint proper umpires."

Then Yonge seizing hold of the book and kissing it, cried: "I swear upon this book that Southwell has offered to treat, with a view of embracing our religion."

"I do not believe he ever did so," said I.

"What," said an officer of the court, "do you not believe his oath?"

"No," was my reply, "I neither can nor will believe him; for I have a better opinion of Fr. Southwell's firmness than of his truthfulness; since perhaps he thinks that he is allowed to make this statement to beguile me."

"No such thing," said Yonge: "but are you ready to conform if he has done so?" (To conform in the Protestant sense, means to embrace their deformed religion.)

"Certainly not," I answered; "for if I keep myself free from heresy and heretical meetings, it is not because he or any man on earth does the same; but because to act otherwise would be to deny Christ, by denying His Faith, which may be done by deed as well as by word. This is what our Lord forbade under pain of a heavier punishment than man can inflict, when He said, 'He that shall deny Me before men, him will I deny before My Father Who is in Heaven.'"

To this the heretic answered not a word, save that I was stiff-necked, (a name that was applicable rather to himself,) and bade them take me back to prison.

Another time I was sent for to be confronted with three witnesses, servants of a nobleman named Lord Henry Seymour, son of the Duke of Somerset. They were heretics, and avouched that on a certain day I had dined with their mistress and her sisters, whilst they among others waited at table. The two sisters were daughters of the Earl of Northumberland. One of them was a devout Catholic, and had come to London a little before my imprisonment, to get my help in passing over to Belgium, there to consecrate herself to God. She was staying at the house of her sister, the wife of the aforesaid lord. She wanted to bring back

this sister to the Catholic faith, which the latter had abandoned after her good father's death. I dined with them on the day the witnesses mentioned. It was in Lent; and they told how their mistress ate meat, while the Lady Mary and I ate nothing but fish. Yonge flung this charge in my teeth with an air of triumph, as though I could not help acknowledging it, and thereby disclosing some of my acquaintances. I answered that I did not know the men brought up.

"But we know you," said they, "to be the same that was at such a place on such a day."

"You wrong your mistress," said I, "in saying so. I however will not so wrong her."

"What a barefaced fellow you are!" exclaimed Yonge.

"Doubtless," I answered, "were these men's statement true: as for me, I cannot speak positively in the matter, for reasons that I have often alleged: let them look to the truth and justice of what they say."

Yonge then, in a rage, remanded me to prison.

Dorothy's Roses.

CONSTANTIUS fills the imperial throne, father to Constantine,
He too of mildness not unmeet to found the Christian line.
But Diocletian's code at times yet wreaks its bloody will,
As waves may toss and foam and fret after the storm is still.

Before the ruthless Governor of Cappadocia stands
The high-born maiden Dorothy, serene, with folded hands.
Her brow is fair, her cheek is red, her laugh breaks low and clear,
And young she is and innocent—and wherefore stands she here?

But here are only smiles for her, and counsels kindly meant.

"Blench not, fair maiden,"—smirks the judge—"thou art but
hither sent [name]

To check those foolish slanderous tales which link thy honoured
With His—the Wretch of Galilee Who died the death of shame."

—"Who died the death of shame," she cries, "to save the souls
He made,

And, for our ransom, on the Tree His last red life-drop paid.

Be glory to the one true God, one God in Persons Three!

Be glory to the Eternal Son, Jesus Who died for me!"

"Hold!" yells the angry Governor, "this impious jargon cease.
 Adore the gods whom all adore, and live thy life in peace.
 Adore or die!"—"Or die?" she saith: "choose sterner threat
 than this,
 For Death is but the golden gate to radiant home of bliss—

"That Garden fair whose autumn fruits 'mid flowers of springtime
 gleam,
 Nor blight nor tempest dares to break the rose's summer dream.
 Ah! might I fade from this dark Earth, melt quite away, and flee
 To Him, my Lover and my Lord, Jesus Who died for me!"

The young Theophilus o'erhears the Martyr's raptured sighs,
 And with a not ungenerous scorn, "O Dorothy!" he cries,
 "If flowers and rosy fruits are there in this rude season found,
 Send me a few." "I will," she saith. The snow was on the ground.

The girl hath braved the tyrant's rage: all tortures, threats, are vain.
 Now butchers eager press, their steel in virgin blood to stain!
 While at the last before her kneels yon beauteous, smiling child,
 A basket in his tiny hands with fruits and flow'rets piled.

"Take these unto Theophilus: say, Dorothy hath cried
 To Heaven for mercy on his soul, ere with glad heart she died.
 Tell him I go and he shall come where flowers and fruits abound
 Of softer sheen, of sunnier tint."—The snow was on the ground.

The snow shone white o'er all the ground, save where the ruby gush
 From that young fearless Christian heart forced pagan Earth to
 blush.

Saint Dorothy is throned on high, close, close to Christ her Spouse,
 And by her side Theophilus with laurel round his brows.

P.

In Festo S. Dorotheæ, Feb. 6. 1868.

Our Library Table.

1. Bishop Ullathorne's *Lectures on the Conventual Life*.—2. Mrs. Webster's *Literat Translation of the Medea of Euripides*.—3. *Sanctuaries of the Madonna*. By Dr. Northcote.—4. *Country Coteries*. By Lady Chatterton.—5. *The Sarum Missal in English*.—6. *Lectures on Reason and Revelation*. By the Rev. Thomas Preston.—7. Guevara's *Mysteries of Mount Calvary*. Translated, and Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley.—8. *On the Ventilation of Dwelling Houses*. By F. Edwards.—9. *Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual*. By the Rev. James O'Kane.—10. M'Carthy's Translation of Calderon's *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*.—11. Memoir of the late Hon. H. E. Dormer.

1. DR. Newman and other Catholic writers have remarked on the astounding vitality of the "Protestant tradition," in which the people of this country have been nurtured for centuries. It seems almost to be of no use to confute the falsehoods of which that tradition is made up. People may well despair of quelling it. The story, for instance, of Maria Monk, was investigated from beginning to end at the time and in the place when and where it sprang up. It was proved to be not only a lie, but a very stale lie, a fiction without even the merit of originality, to be found in an old book of the last century, which had rotted on the stalls of second-hand traders before the persons and characters to whom it was applied in America were born. And yet there are English "gentlemen" and "ladies" banded together in a Protestant association, actively engaged at this moment in scattering broadcast among the lower classes of our towns this very story of Maria Monk with a few other inventions tacked on to it, in which they do not scruple to assail in the grossest manner the character of the inmates of a Convent not very far from London, to which the daughters of a number of our best Catholic families are sent for education, and in which, in many cases, they choose to remain all their lives as religious. A few weeks ago the papers were full of the infamous story circulated about a Convent near Birmingham, and vouched for as true by a person of some position in that town. The story was investigated by a committee of gentlemen, and was found out, by the confession of the alleged authority, to be an unfounded calumny; but it was remarked that many of the Protestant papers which had given it circulation were strangely silent about its exposure. The Bishop of Birmingham informs us that it has already crossed the "narrow seas," as the tale of Maria Monk went over from Europe to America and then came back to Europe—and is now being circulated in France against the Convents in that country.

In this state of things, people may well ask themselves, whether it

is worth while to confute any lie. But the true answer to such a question is not in the negative. It is, unfortunately, impossible to deny that there are many persons in our time, as there have been in all times, who deliberately propagate lies against the Catholic Church, knowing them to be such. Far larger is the number of those who are impatient of all exposure or explanation of the falsehoods which they have adopted as true without having investigated their character: just as pride or prejudice hinders the half-learned author of some book against the doctrines of the Church from confessing the cogency of some refutation of his arguments which he is far too wise to reply to, or from acknowledging his mistake when it has been clearly proved that he has either simply misunderstood or simply misrepresented the authors he has quoted or the dogmas of which he has been treating—so among the more vulgar herd of anti-Catholic talkers and writers it is by no means uncommon to find too many symptoms of that disingenuousness in the face of a defeat on a matter of fact which can have its roots in nothing but a dislike to the truth which is thrust upon them. But truth always makes its way to some candid mind every time it is put forward, and no lie is ever exposed without doing damage to the party which has put it in circulation over and above its own refutation. The strength of the Protestant tradition proves the dense ignorance of the majority as well as the malice of the few who trade upon it so unscrupulously; and ignorance is cured by light, as malice is silenced by charity. There are signs on all sides that though the English people is still blind enough to be duped by lies, though the trade of the sensational lecturer and tract-monger is still profitable, and though undeniable danger still lurks in the black cloud of ignorance and prejudice which requires so slight a provocation to discharge its bolts on every side, yet on the other hand the presence and working of the Catholic Church in this country has now an influence on the minds and feelings of the generality which had not been obtained at the time when the nation went mad at the instigation of Lord John Russell against the newly established Hierarchy. Attempts have been made, in quarters quite as high as those from which the Durham letter proceeded, to raise the No-popery cry in defence of the Irish Establishment, and, as far as can be seen at present, they have been egregious failures. However this may be, it is certain that the calumnies still current among so large a portion of the population are worth refuting over and over again, and that the pains taken to make the truth about Catholicism known may be multiplied and repeated continuously with the best hope of gradually placing the Church in her proper light before the nation. Some lies are silenced, if not all: some candid minds are enlightened, and recoil with indignation from the poisoned sources of which they have discovered the true character: some writers will not repeat the falsehoods of what they have been convicted, even though they may not have the courage to acknowledge their own refutation. As we see by instances, which will occur to the

minds of all, among the very highest and most famous of Anglican controversialists, it requires a very singular amount of candour and self-command for men of character and name to put themselves to the noble humiliation of confessing that they have made mistakes or misrepresentations on theological subjects: but at all events such persons may be expected not to offend again in the same way.

The activity with which slanders against conventual life have been circulated of late in the midland counties of England—where, unfortunately, such accusations have not been left altogether to persons of low position and contemptible character—has produced the occasion for Bishop Ullathorne's *Three Lectures** on the subject. No one is better able to speak on such matters than the Bishop of Birmingham, and we believe that wherever he is known, even among Protestants, his words will always carry great weight from the English honesty and straightforwardness which is always their characteristic. These short lectures are almost a treatise on the Religious Life, tracing it from its earliest germs in the Apostolic age down to the present time, and giving an accurate account of its details as they are to be seen, happily, in a hundred peaceful homes of charity and prayer throughout the country. Dr. Ullathorne's plain statements are worth more than a thousand sentimental theories, and we sincerely trust that they may be disseminated with at least as much profusion as the libels which have called them forth. Apart from the confutation of these libels, there is occasion at the present time for a clear and popular account of what the conventual system really is, because of the somewhat grotesque imitations of that system which may be found among the latest developments of the higher school among Anglicans. In a certain sense, the "Sisterhood Movement," as it may be called, commands our best sympathies, and many of those who have joined it are deserving of great admiration. As a system of organised work among the poor, the afflicted, and the ignorant, it has won the respect and the homage even of those who look with most suspicion upon everything which resembles Catholic devotion. But "Sisterhoods" must have an inner as well as an outer life, and it is here that the difficulties of all institutions which are founded without traditions and have no written sanction nor supervision from Church authorities begin: and we are by no means surprised at the strange stories that are in circulation concerning the arbitrary rule of self-appointed "Mother Superiors," and the fantastical regulations made by the Founders and Directors of these new "orders." It is quite time that the public should know how careful in its moderation and how gentle in its constitutionalism—to adopt a phrase of Dr. Ullathorne's—is the conventual system of the Catholic Church.

2. As a trial of strength in the two languages, the attempt to trans-

* *Three Lectures on the Conventual Life.* By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. Burns and Oates, 1868.

516 *Literal Translation of the Medea of Euripides.*

late a Greek poet *literally* into English verse is an interesting one, especially in the case now before us,* where the translator is a lady. She seems determined to say of her sex, with the chorus in this very play (we quote Mrs. Webster's own translation)—

But fame turns too : our life shall have renown :
Honour shall come to woman's race,
And envious fame no more weigh women down.—ver. 416.

We certainly would most cordially welcome such endeavours. There is nothing in the Greek language to which the feminine genius is unequal ; and perhaps a larger part of the literature might be innocently studied by female scholars than an equal number of specimens from most modern literatures. As for the manner in which the task has been executed, independently of the unfair presumption against a lady-scholar, we should be disposed to indulgence towards an effort which would tax very high powers. The similar attempt of Milton for the Hebrew psalms, "Done into metre wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original," has added little to his reputation, and it is, perhaps, a needless addition of difficulty. We consequently observe a good deal of harshness in some places of Mrs. Webster's version of the *Medea*. For example, how little harmony is there in these lines—

Dread are the humours of princes ; as wont
To be ruled in few things, and in many to lord,
It is hard for them to turn from their wrath.—ver. 119.

In the choral part of the tragedy she appears to us to be the least successful, partly from the fetters she has chosen to work in, partly from her poetical character not being, we think, lyrical. There is a lightness, a grace and ease about the choruses of Euripides which we miss in her version, which, besides, would be found occasionally difficult to understand by the superficial reader, who expects, in taking up a translation, that at least a *crib* ought to be plain sailing. Take, for example, one of the most beautiful passages of the original—*σκαιὸς δὲ λέγων κούδιν τι σοφοῦς κ. τ. λ.*—Mrs. Webster renders it as follows—

And sure ye would not err if ye said
The men of old times were rude and nought wise,
Who fashioned for revels, and wassails, and feasts,
Song that make life, by listening, delight,
While no mortal has yet devised to lull
By music and chants many-toned the loathed pangs
When death and strange fates tread down homes.
And yet to calm these with the measured strain
Were in sooth a gain unto man. But why
Raise the vain sound where the feast is glad ?
For the feast with its present fullness alone
Is itself a delight for men.—vs. 183—194.

* *The Medea of Euripides, Literally Translated into English Verse.* By Augusta Webster. London and Cambridge : Macmillan and Co., 1868.

We venture to say, ordinary people will have to read these lines twice before they completely catch their meaning. One of Dryden's conceited censors, the Rev. Luke Milbourn, was called "the fairest of critics," because, where he found fault with the poet's translation of Virgil, he set his own version of the passages side by side with his, that the reader might judge between Dryden and himself. If the writer attempts in like manner to render the above passage, it is by no means to presume to compare his poetical abilities with Mrs. Webster's, but only to show that a freer translation will be actually more intelligible (the great object, surely, of all translations) than one constructed upon her very excellent, but perhaps exaggerated principle—

Fools and unwise the men of old
In calling, thou wilt not be wrong,
Because to feasts and revelry
They thought to add the voice of song,
And charm the ears of life ;
Yet mortal ne'er devis'd a way,
With music's many-chanted lay,
The hateful sorrows to abate
From which come deaths and dreadful fate
By sudden strokes o'erwhelming homes.
Yet these by melody to bind,
If mortals once the way could find,
Great gain it sure would be.
But why prolong the idle measure
Where banquets rich invite to pleasure ?
The present joy's unaided thrill
Doth of itself our cravings fill.

If, in spite of the difficulties attending a literal metrical version, Mrs. Webster has succeeded as well as she has done, it only shows how admirable a translation she could have produced by the more fluent method. There are passages which she has executed so ably that they could hardly be surpassed by any translator giving himself perfect freedom. Examples are afforded in almost the whole of the noble description of the death of Creüsa and her father. We quote a sufficient number of the lines to give the reader an idea of the merit of the translation—

She took the shimmering robes and put them on,
And, setting round her curls the golden crown,
At the bright mirror stroked her tresses right,
And smiled on the mute likeness of herself.

* * * * *
But then a sight came dread to look upon ;
For a change came on her hue, she staggers back,
Shuddering in every limb, and scarce wins time
To fall upon her couch, not to the ground.

* * * * *
For twofold anguish did make war on her.
For both the golden crown set round her head
Was sending marvellous streams of eating fire,
And the fine-webbed robe, the offering of thy sons,
Was gnawing at the hapless one's white flesh.

But she, sprung from her couch, now flies, ablaze,
Tossing her head and curls this way and that,
Fain to dash off the crown. But all too firm
The golden head-band clave; and still the fire
Flamed doubly fiercer when she tossed her locks,
And, conquered by her fate, she drops to the floor,
Scarce, but by her own father, to be known.
For neither the grave sweetness of her eyes
Nor her fair face was visible; but blood
Mingled with flame came welling from her head,
And, by the secret poison gnawn, her flesh
Dropped from her bones as resin-gouts from the fir—
Direful to see. And none dared touch the dead,
For her fate had we to our monitor.—vs. 1167—1200.

We cannot help remarking that it is difficult to read the second line—

Twixt the dark Symplegades to Colchian lands,

without making the dreadful false quantity "Symplēgades." However, of such a blunder we do not think of accusing Mrs. Webster, but only of the extreme harshness of the scansion, which obliges us to make an anapæst of "Twixt the dark."

As to translation, we may note one or two points. In the chorus, verse 419,

No more the staled songs shall be heard
Of muses hymning our deceit,

it strikes us that "staled" rather degrades the original *παλαιγενέων*. And in the striking and beautiful ode where the Athenian climate is alluded to, we should not consider that the expression *ἀσὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος* is correctly rendered by—

And through their bright translucent air
Move ever with *proud jubilant gait*.

Mrs. Webster has herself accurately translated the identical phrase, *ἀβρὸν βαίνουσα*, in verse 1164, "daintily tripping." But these are blemishes hardly affecting the merit of a work like this as a whole. In spite of our objection to the method adopted in it, we can recommend it as a useful aid in the practical study of the original, even if, to use an old and not very safe test, it is hardly what Euripides himself—allowing for difference of genius—would have produced had he written in English.

3. The readers of the *Rambler*, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, may remember a series of interesting articles on "Sanctuaries of the Madonna"—chiefly in Italy and France—containing an unusual amount of historical information mixed with other lighter and more ephemeral materials. We fear it must be said that the periodical literature of a few years back is almost as seldom consulted as a file of old newspapers; and yet, from the character of the writers who contribute to its stores, and the amount of research often

expended on their production, it contains a great deal which ought not to be so soon consigned to oblivion. In the case of a few great writers of each generation, these ephemeral articles are rescued from their grave and placed in their due position as a part of the collected works of their authors. But, except under these unusual circumstances, the most valuable of magazine contributions are forgotten, unless care is taken to republish them for the sake of the information they contain. The articles on the Sanctuaries of which we are speaking were from the pen of Dr. Northcote; and we are much pleased to see that the President of Oscott has yielded to the request of his friends, and put some of them together in a volume*—adding, moreover, a considerable number of similar pieces written by another author.

A complete account of the Sanctuaries of the Madonna in Europe alone, would, probably, occupy a series of volumes which might remind the reader of the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists. The veneration of our Lady is to be found in the breasts of the people in all Catholic countries; and it has everywhere fastened itself upon special places and particular shrines which have been the scenes of the more remarkable instances of her power and clemency. The histories of these Sanctuaries, and the traditions which have gathered round them, are among the richest and the most beautiful of the treasures of Christian literature or legend. But it would require the devotion and the industry of a number of students as laborious as the Bollandists themselves to do justice to such a subject. Dr. Northcote has thrown together a number of pleasant and well arranged accounts of a few of the principal Sanctuaries, being guided in his choice by circumstances almost accidental. Of the shrines in the Pontifical States, he treats of Loreto, Sta. Maria Maggiore, Gennazzano, and La Quercia; adding a chapter about the "Madonna of Rimini," into which he introduces a remarkable account, condensed from the authentic documents, of the miraculous pictures in Rome at the end of the last century, the phenomena of which caused the institution of the Feast of the "Prodigies" of the Blessed Virgin. In the rest of Italy, he notices only the "Madonna del Carmine," at Naples, and "Sta. Maria della Grotta," near La Cava. The Swiss shrines are represented by Einsiedlen alone. The work concludes with a very interesting chapter on "English Shrines of our Blessed Lady." The work appears opportunely just before the beginning of the month of May. Let us hope that it is only the first-fruits of labours which may be devoted hereafter to the same most important subject.

4. Without being a "sensational" novel in the bad sense of the word, Lady Chatterton's new story, *Country Coteries*,* is perfectly packed with the stock in trade in which the authors of such novels

* *The Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna.* By J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. Longmans, 1868.

usually deal. There is a false heir to a baronetcy and an estate who succeeds to them for a time, and a real heir whose true claim is vindicated before the close : a child, and afterwards a young lady, supposed to have been burnt, a haunted chamber, an apparition, a scoundrel of rank who nearly marries one of the heroines while he has a wife living at Naples all the time, and who is convicted at the last moment in the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover Square ; a cabinet with a secret drawer which reveals important and long lost documents in consequence of the dream of an old lady ; a castle in Styria with caverns underneath it in which a grand ball is held, and in which the lights are accidentally extinguished, and a charming young lady who was to have been married the next morning to a Venetian Count is spirited away, in company with a young Englishman, no one knows whither ; and a good deal more of what we may call "raw material" of the same kind, not very commonly to be met with in ordinary life. This profusion of incidents of a startling character is the chief defect of the book, for it puts us somewhat out of breath. At the same time the interest is well kept up, and the characters are well conceived, and in several cases, well developed. In this, we think, Lady Chatterton's power lies. Perhaps she may have had some special object, sly or serious, in conforming to so great an extent to the prevalent passion for "strong" incident : at all events she has made us wish that she could have given a little more play to her characters. *Country Coteries*, which seems to have taken its name from a desire of the writer to stand up for the old English custom of country hospitality and good neighbourship, has matter enough in it for half a dozen ordinary novels.

5. *The Sarum Missal, in English*,* owes its existence and publication to that growing interest in the liturgies of the past in this country which has become such a marked feature in earnest-minded Protestants during the last thirty or forty years. At no other period since the Reformation have men's minds been so attracted to the study of the origin of the English Church, and, as a natural concomitant, to the origin and history of the liturgical rites of that Church. Such black-letter antiphonaries, processionals, manuals, hymnals, primers, and missals, as could be anywhere found, were rooted up from their forgotten places, and their grimy covers and dusty leaves cleared from the cobwebs and dirt in which they were often enough found embedded. Happy then did he deem himself who, on diving into the long-closed recesses of his library, was so fortunate as to fish up the wished-for volume, especially if in good condition. Such books were scarce, because, at the change of religion

* *Country Coteries*. By Georgiana, Lady Chatterton. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1868.

* *The Sarum Missal, in English*. London : The Church Press Company, 1868.

in the sixteenth century, a liturgical book—new, both in form and in doctrine—was compiled in English out of the old Latin missal and breviary, and to this compilation was given the title of the Book of Common Prayer. The old missals and breviaries then became an eye-sore to the Protestantism of the day, and contained obnoxious names and allusions, which offended its ears and feelings. Two names, especially, drew down upon themselves the wrath of the Reformers. The word *pope* they could not endure. Was not that title and office an impious usurpation? So, under heavy penalties, that simple word was ordered to be obliterated from every missal, breviary, or other prayer-book, to be found in the kingdom. And the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury shared the same fate. Hence in nearly every ancient liturgical book that belonged to the English rite, the word *pope* (*papa*), and the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury, are found erased from the page where they occurred, even in the calendars. Sometimes the owner of such books seems to have been loath to make the requisite obliteration, and thus spoil the fair appearance of a page or leaf—for we must bear in mind that many of these were goodly volumes, sumptuously printed or beautifully written, and magnificently, at times even gorgeously, illuminated; their covers adorned with wrought ornaments of gold or silver, and decked with precious stones—and so we find that, instead of erasing the word *papa*, and thus defiling the page, they would artfully change it into *epūs*, the contracted form of *episcopus* (bishop). Many of these books are found with this substitution neatly effected, so that an ordinary eye does not at once detect it.

But by far the greater number of these books were wilfully destroyed; and in spite of the great number, as is proved by the many editions, that must have existed at the close of the reign of Henry VIII., comparatively few are at this day anywhere to be found. Of course, now that there has been so great a demand and search for them, copies have turned up in most unexpected quarters. Still, few persons can boast of being in possession of any of the ancient copies, and whenever such are offered for sale, they carry off very high prices. The last time—perhaps, both first and last—that the Missal for the use of the church of York, printed in 1516, was offered for sale by public competition, it fetched the almost incredible sum of £390. From this fact alone we may gain a notion of the esteem in which such books are held.

It is well known that before the Reformation there were in England alone three different *uses*, they are called, of liturgies; that is, three systems, which, though having much in common, still differed in detail. They are the uses of Sarum, of York, and of Hereford. The first-mentioned was the most extensively followed. Even now there are extant copies of upwards of fifty editions of the Missal for Sarum use; whereas there are only three of that for York, and one of that for Hereford. The Sarum Missal then, being the one from which principally the Book of Common Prayer was compiled, is naturally of

most interest to Englishmen, and has, therefore, been selected by the editor and translator to be placed in the hands of the public. In his *Introduction* he gives a condensed account of the origin and development of this missal, as far as the haze that hangs about its history could be cast aside. Some facts that he groups together will prove interesting. He says that the earliest notice of the existence of a liturgy in England is involved in the inquiry addressed by St. Augustine to Pope Gregory (A.D. 601)—what should be done when the Roman and the national missal disagreed? To which query the answer was returned, that he was to pick out what was pious, religious and right, in each church, and use that.

We know hardly anything of the Anglo-Saxon rite. The Norman conquerors took little notice of it, and mercilessly displaced nearly all the Anglo-Saxon saints: some say, because they could not pronounce their names. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that they took no notice of them, they did not know them, they ignored them. However this may be, St. Osmund had a great hand in constructing the Sarum liturgy. Being originally a Norman count, he naturally would look to Rouen, the primatial see of Normandy, for a model of what he wanted; and, accordingly, we find that the use of Rouen and that of Sarum were identical in the eleventh century.

In the performance of his task, the editor and translator has been strictly conscientious. As the book was got up for Protestants, he has used the Common Prayer Book version of the Psalms, and the Protestant translation of the Scripture, as being household words to most English readers; so again, he has retained so much of the Common Prayer Book collects and prayers as is evidently derived from the Missal. The sequences, of which there are very many, have been translated into English verse, the particular metre, where discernible, being reproduced. Many of them are of exceeding beauty, and deserve to be read and pondered over and over again. We notice that one stanza of the sequence for the feast of the "Conception of Blessed Mary" (Dec. 8), has not been translated. The Latin lines are as follows:—

Triste fuit in Eva ve,
Sed ex Eva formans Ave,
Versa vice, sed non prave,
Intus ferens in conclave
Verbum bonum et suave
Nobis, Mater Virgo, fave
Tua frui gratia.

It is not surprising that a translator should have given this stanza up in despair. It is right to add that the publication before us will disappoint anyone who desires to use it *devotionally* in one important particular: the Epistles and Gospels throughout are not printed at length, but merely indicated by references, the few first and last words alone being inserted.

6. A plain, unvarnished, matter of fact statement of the connection

between reason and revelation will, at the present day, be received with welcome. In a series of five lectures,* the Rev. T. S. Preston has explained from the stand-point of common sense and reason the claims of the Catholic Church to be the Church instituted by our Lord. In the first lecture he explains the office of reason; showing that we are bound to use it, and to follow its guidance, just as we are bound to use the knowledge given to us by our senses. In the affairs of everyday life we do thus conduct ourselves: why then should we not act in the same way where revelation forces itself upon our attention? The convictions of conscience necessarily claim obedience. The second lecture examines the relations in which reason and faith stand to each other. As faith proceeds from the principle of grace assisting nature, and rests upon the authority of God, its sphere is in the supernatural order; on the other hand, truths within the order of nature lie within the domain of reason. But the service of religion is also a reasonable service; hence reason and faith can never stand in each other's way. They must always be in agreement. The third lecture investigates the conditions of revelation, establishing its possibility, and even its necessity. The important point to prove is the fact itself; and here we have our reason and our conscience leading us unmistakably to that assurance. In the fourth, the several claimants to the possession of revealed truth are examined, as they appear under the generic name of Protestantism. The author shews that Protestantism can lay no claim to be our teacher; for it teaches nothing clearly, pretends to no authority, and is able to present us with none. Lastly, he examines the claims of the Catholic Church. He shows that she is a teacher; that in her method there is clearness and distinctness; and that she teaches without fear of falling into error. Does she not also teach the whole world; sending her ministers into every clime, teaching one and the same code of doctrine? Every human power has been arrayed against her, yet she is still triumphant. She satisfies the cravings of the human mind as no other church has ever pretended to do. Therefore, she is the Church instituted by Jesus Christ.

7. Antonio de Guevara, chronicler and court preacher to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, was a famous man in his own day, and several of his numerous works were, in the sixteenth century, translated into various European languages—our own being among these. If we remember rightly, his *Chronicles of the Lives of the Emperors of Rome*, which were translated from a fictitious original, brought upon him a good deal of censure, as having imposed upon the public. Most of his works were historical or political; but he wrote an

* *Lectures on Reason and Revelation*, delivered in St. Ann's Church, New York, during the season of Advent, 1867. By the Rev. Thomas S. Preston. New York: Catholic Publication House, 1868. London: Burns & Co.

Oratorio de Religiosos y Exerccio de Virtuosos—of which no English translation exists—as well as some *Commentaries on the Prophet Habacuc*. His last work seems to have been a devotional book on the passion of our Lord—*The Mount of Calvary*; on the second part of which—treating of the “Seven Words on the Cross”—he was engaged when he died. An old English translation of this—from the Spanish—exists; which has been made the foundation of a publication now before us,* called *The Mysteries of Mount Calvary*; which, however, is said to be translated from the Latin version of the original.

The Editor of this volume, Mr. Orby Shipley, tells us in his preface that very considerable liberties have been taken with the old Spanish author. “The present,” he says, “is not to be regarded as an exact reproduction of Guevara’s beautiful work. It was found to be too quaint, and even in many places too extravagant for devotional reading at the present day. In some parts of the book, also, a certain exaggeration of sentiment, and in others a repetition, which is apt to become wearisome, pervades the original. All this has been omitted.” Then, when Guevara’s thoughts are based upon the Vulgate: where that differs from the English version—“a text which answers the purpose has been substituted, and the Bishops’ words have been adapted to suit it.” Again, the translator has occasionally ventured “to add a few words; taking them chiefly” from other mystic writers of Spain. Then, “rearrangement of the text has been made.” Quotations which have “strayed,” have been “restored to their proper position.” Finally, as might have been expected, whole pages, near the end of the volume, have been expunged. It is hardly necessary to say that these pages contain matter connected with our Blessed Lady. Some day, perhaps, we shall have an “adapted history of the Passion, drawn from the Gospels, in which certain verses from St. John will be ‘expunged.’”

In a literary point of view,* it was perhaps hardly worth while to republish Guevara, at least in a translation. He may have his value as a good writer of the Spanish of his time, but if he is to be republished at all, he ought to be given as he is, not as Mr. Shipley may think he ought to be. Considering his work on the Passion as a book for devotional reading, it would not have been difficult to find its superior among the Spanish writers of a little later date; and the selection of this work by Mr. Shipley strongly illustrates the literary, and, as we may say, the amateur character of the school of religionists to which he belongs. Nevertheless, there are of course, many good and beautiful things in this volume; though, as a whole, it is confessedly mutilated, and even garbled. We are sorry to see the bad example, set many years ago by the earlier “adapters” among the Puseyite clergy, followed at the present time,

* *The Mysteries of Mount Calvary*. Translated from the Latin of Antonio de Guevara. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley. Rivingtons, 1868.

by one who, as we suppose, belongs to that new generation of "advanced" Anglicans, who claim in so many ways to have improved upon their predecessors. The practice of mutilating Catholic books of devotion was then defended on the ground that the authorities of Anglicanism had done the same thing with the Missal and the Breviary. This was, perhaps, an answer to objectors from the Anglican side—provided that the "adapters" of private devotions followed the same doctrinal line in their mutilations as the compilers of the Prayer-book. Had this been the case, the Anglican editors would at least have had whatever sanction their own Establishment could give them. But this was not the case. The "adapters" of Catholic devotions were not content with the limits laid down in the Prayer-book. It may be questioned, indeed, whether in some respects they did not do things more odious than what had been done by their authorities, who had at least the excuse of a sort of necessity to shelter them, and who took on themselves the parentage of their own progeny. No Anglican authority ever published an edition of the *Sarum Missal*, "adapted;" but we have had even so practical a book as Scupoli's *Spiritual Combat*, not a line of which is superfluous or without some connection with the rest, "edited," with the omission of the chapter on devotion to our Lady; and, in the same way, Pinart's *Suffering Life of our Lord*, with a similar omission. On the other hand, however, the "adapters" went beyond the Establishment in certain points, notably in all that relates to the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, which had been carefully and deliberately expunged from the Prayer-book; and in the comparatively exaggerated prominence—to say the least—given to Sacramental Confession and Absolution; a prominence not at all in keeping with the Prayer-book. The result of the adoption of an arbitrary and elastic standard on the part of the "adapters," who have been guided mainly by their own ideas of what was Catholic and primitive, has been the production of a set of books which are neither Anglican nor Catholic; but simply as sectarian in their tone and principle as any compilation of Irvingites or Methodists. Thus they have a literary and historical value, as illustrating more than any other productions of their school the extent to which it rests upon the private judgment of a few students. To those who are not acquainted with the originals, and who are content with just as much and no more of Catholicity as it pleases their self-appointed guides to give them, these volumes may be acceptable; but they cannot be looked upon without dislike and disapproval by those who are of the same faith with the authors who are so unfairly treated.

7. In the first chapter of his book on Ventilation,† Mr. Edwards gives a brief history of his subject from the time that it began to

† *On the Ventilation of Dwelling-houses, and the Utilization of Waste Heat from open Fire-places.* By Frederic Edwards, Jun. London. Robert Hardwicke. 1868.

attract the notice of scientific men. One principal reason which he assigns for the fact that the great cry for fresh air, of which we now hear so much, is quite of modern date, may be comprised in the remark, that our forefathers had no need, or rather, no lack of it. Ventilation, as a science, they never dreamt of; they simply left it to itself. It is almost entirely from our improved method of building, and from the comfortable rooms we manage to construct, that a necessity for paying peculiar attention to the means of purifying our halls and chambers has been forced upon us. In former times rooms ventilated themselves. Fire-places were larger and more open than our present refinement can brook; window-frames hardly fitted as closely as our modern cabinet-maker's work; and there were a score of other passages both for the inlet and outlet of air that we now keep hermetically sealed up. With our improved conditions of constructive architecture and building, we are compelled to study the means of getting rid of foul, and procuring pure, air; and Mr. Edwards' desire is to aid us in our meditations.

He tells his readers that the first attempt at ventilation of public buildings was made by Sir Christopher Wren, in the House of Commons. After him appears Dr. Desaguliers, a French emigrant, a distinguished philosopher and mechanician, who made great improvements upon the contrivances of his predecessor. Then there appear upon the scene Dr. Hales, Mr. Sutton, Sir Humphrey Davy, and the Marquis de Chabannes. The account given by Mr. Edwards of the struggles of these inventors with the red-tape officials of the day, who, of course, as a rule, opposed all improvements, is exceedingly amusing. The last-mentioned personage seems to be the first who actively employed himself in introducing the system of heating buildings by hot water into this country. Dr. Reid contributed more than any other man of our time to enunciate the scientific principles of ventilation. He succeeded admirably in the temporary House of Commons after the great fire, but in his arrangements for the new Houses of Parliament he fell foul of Sir Charles Barry, and as they could not come to terms on the question, he was obliged to abandon his labours.

The second chapter is taken up with a description and enumeration of simple appliances for ventilating dwelling-houses, contrivances, that is, which provide for the entrance of fresh air, and for the exit of foul air. These descriptions are rendered intelligible to anybody who chooses to take the trouble of examination, by more than a hundred figures printed on plates which are placed at the end of the book. The third chapter is devoted to considerations on the utilization of waste heat from open fire-places, and to a comprehensive scheme for the supply of heat to dwellings. The author thinks with Dr. Arnott that there is much waste of fuel now going on in this country, but he would not go the full length of asserting all that Dr. Arnott does on that point. The fourth chapter is taken up with concluding observations. To architects, builders, and health-seeking householders the work will be of great service and interest.

8. We are glad to find that the very useful manual, published in the course of last year by the Rev. J. O'Kane, the Senior Dean at Maynooth, has been so well received by the clergy in general that a new edition has already been called for.* Having expressed a high opinion of this work at the time of its first appearance, we have little to do with regard to this second issue but to announce the fact. There are however one or two things of some importance to be mentioned for the benefit of those who may already have received the first edition. Dr. O'Kane has spent some time in Rome since the publication of his work, and it has been carefully examined by a Censor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The result has been most favourable to the accuracy of the author, as a few sentences only have been found to need emendation. As they refer to matters of some interest, we may simply mention them. It had been in the first place laid down in the book that the practice of the conditional re-baptism of converts from Protestantism was now universally prevalent, at Rome and elsewhere. This statement is too general: at Rome, according to a decree of the Inquisitor, investigation is made in each case as to the validity of the original "baptism": and the book is corrected accordingly. The other emendations relate to regulations as to the administration of Holy Communion. The practice of giving Communion with preconsecrated "particles" in Masses of the Dead is declared to be not yet established by any final decision, and the custom of each diocese is still to be followed. The rubric is to be exactly observed in the private carrying of the Blessed Sacrament to the sick.

10. Mr. M'Carthy has added a fourth volume† to the series of translations from Calderon, which he began in 1853. The present instalment consists of two of the principal of the *Autos*, or Sacramental Mysteries, to which the great dramatist consecrated the maturity of his genius. *Belshazzar's Feast*, the first of his seventy-three *Autos*, is supposed by the latest editors to have been written as early as 1638, when Calderon was in his thirty-seventh year, and still a layman; and almost half a century later, death found the old poet-priest putting the last touches to the *Divine Philothea*, the second *Auto* in this volume.

The translator has aimed at a rigid fidelity with regard to the form as well as to the substance of these poems. Thus he has imitated carefully all the beautiful varieties of versification which distinguished the Spanish drama. Of these, the most difficult to reproduce is the *asonante*, or (if we may give it a "name" in the language in which it

* *Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual*, regarding the Sacraments in General, Baptism, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. By the Rev. James O'Kane. Dublin: Duffy, 1868.

† *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*. From the Spanish of Calderon. By Denis Florence M'Carthy, M.R.I.A. Duffy: London and Dublin.

has now a "local habitation,") assonant verse. "An *asonante*," says Lord Holland, "is a word which resembles another in the *vowel* on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel or vowels that follow it; but every consonant after the accented vowel must be different from that in the corresponding syllable. Thus, *tos* and *amor*, *orilla* and *delira*, *dlamo* and *pdjaro*, are all *asonantes*." In the present volume, Mr. McCarthy has been successful in avoiding a fault into which English assonantists have frequently fallen, on account of the capriciousness of our vowel sounds. He appears to have only once or twice forgotten that the ear, not the eye, must be the judge in this matter, and that, therefore, for instance, such words as *succeeded* and *effected*, *hopeless* and *torments*, cannot be paired together. Yet Archbishop Trench's versions furnish these spurious assonances in abundance.

After all, this minute material accuracy of form seems to be hardly compatible with the higher attributes of translation. In short poems it is, indeed, well to strive after an exact rendering both of thought and measure, as in the late Mr. Worsley's *Dies Irae*. But a drama is less susceptible of such treatment. The most fluent assonants remind one disagreeably of *Hiawatha*; and the lighter metres, which in this version imitate very skilfully all the subtle changes of the original, are to the uninitiated ear essentially undramatic. This is said only of a reader unused to the peculiar subjects and spirit of Calderon, who takes up one of these "allegorical dramas in one act" as a poem on its own merits, and not in its special character as a translation from a most difficult original. Under this latter aspect the work before us is the best in our language.

Mr. McCarthy has illustrated his text with loving care, not only borrowing from all that Spain has recently done for her poet, but also giving, in their German exhaustiveness, the Introduction and Commentary of Dr. Franz Lorinzer.

11. Many who were the schoolfellows or friends of the late Hon. H. E. Dormer, will be grateful for the publication of the short *Biographical Memoir* (Burns and Co.) of that gentleman, which now lies before us. Mr. Dormer must certainly live in the memories of all who have ever known him, as a model of a perfect Christian officer; and the few pages in which his memoir is contained, give a very interesting account of his habits of piety and charity. He died in Canada in 1866, just after he had finally made up his mind to leave the army and join the Order of St. Dominic. It is particularly gratifying to find, in the short account before us, nothing that might lead us to suppose that Mr. Dormer's very holy life attracted any sort of persecution from his brother officers, many of whom subscribed after his death to place a tablet to his memory in one of the London churches.

We must confine ourselves to the simple announcement of the republication (by Mr. Washbourne) of the useful little volume, *Protestant Principles examined by the Written Word*; and of a very valuable *Manual of Devotions in Honour of our Lady of Sorrows*.



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